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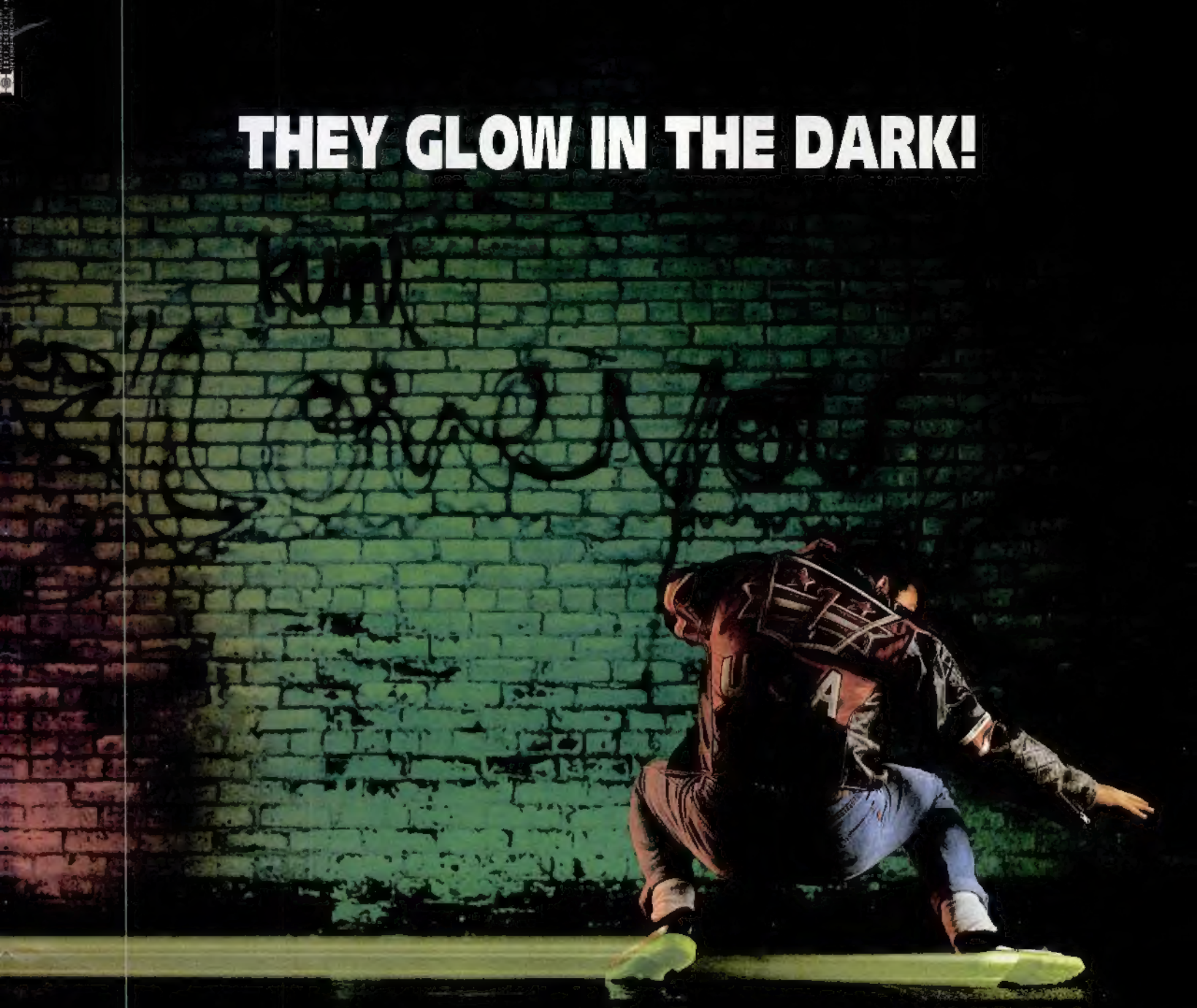

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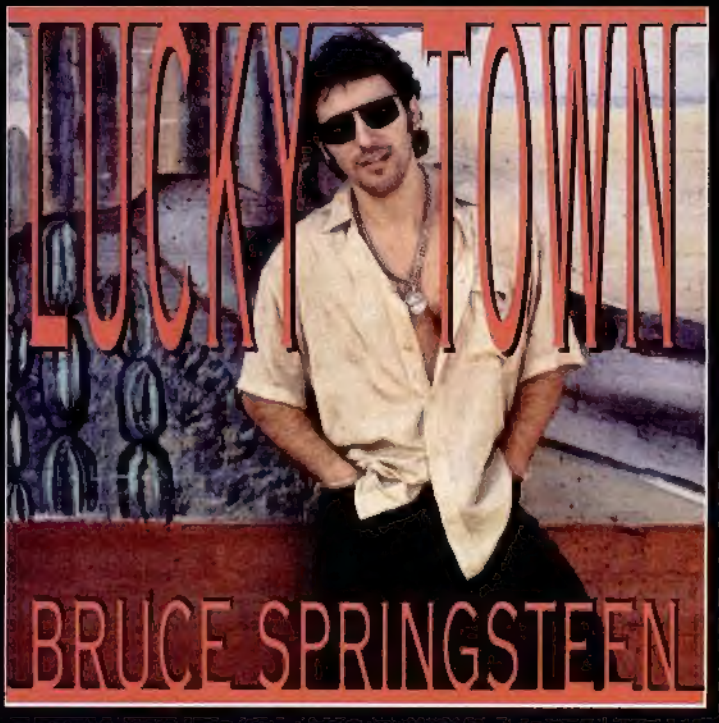

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June 1992

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Cover and above photograph by the Douglas Brothers

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For questions about new or current subscriptions, call 1-800-829-9093. To change your address, send both old and new addresses to SPIN, *P.O. Box 420193, Palm Coast, FL 32142-0193. Allow six to eight weeks.*

SPIN is published by Camouflage Associates
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TALE SPINNERS

Henry Rollins

The doomy, gloomy death mask of the Cure is stripped away by Associate Editor **Mark Blackwell** and Senior Editor **Jim Greer** in this month's cover story (*page 28*). The writers traveled to Woodstock, England, where the band was recording its new album, *Wish*, in a suitably gothic residential studio called The Manor. Strangely enough, under the Pan-Stik and years of media misconception, Blackwell and Greer found the members of the Cure to be as cheeky as they are pink-cheeked. • With the overdressed annual excess of the Academy Awards behind us, sober-suited SPIN staffers tallied *your* votes to publish the results of our Readers Poll (*page 48*). • To interview Seattle's Pearl Jam (*page 50*), Senior Editor **Lauren Spencer** flew to Groningen, Holland—city of canals, beer, cheese, and rabid fans of the Pacific Northwest rockers. She observed as Dutch concert-goers put aside the tongue-twistingly guttural rigors of their native language to sing along with every one of Pearl Jam's songs. • Though the Cure's mythic dark obsession may be tidily disposed, **Staci Bonner** confronts the real deal in her interview with Skinny Puppy's king of doom, Ogre (*page 14*). She equates the somber Canadian trio's American appeal to this country's fondness for scary flicks: "This is horror music." Photographer **Jaime Biondo** shot the macabre tableau for "Use Your Delusion" with a real human skull and a fake eyeball. • Photographer **Aldo Rossi** used an array of denims and leathers made in the U.S.A. for this month's all-American fashion story, "American Pie" (*page 54*). • Maverick wordsmith **Henry Rollins** is flustered: "I'm amazed at the things I read about myself in the press—especially the wrong information." In addition to airing his views on abortion (alongside performer **Ann Magnuson** and four presidential candidates) in this month's Antihero (*page 59*), Rollins counteracts the media's inadequacies by publishing his own books and conducting spoken-word tours.

Jaime Biondo

Staci Bonner

Aldo Rossi

Employee of the Month is Senior Writer Celia Farber. "Fatal Distraction" (*page 36*) is the culmination of five years of Farber's investigative reporting on AIDS. She has written for SPIN's Words From the Front column since its inception in December 1987. SPIN's ace reporter is currently working on a book about HIV and AIDS.

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TOP SPIN

See how Seattle's favorite sons fared in our 1992 Readers Poll, page 48.

Washington State governor Booth Gardner recently signed into law a bill that will, from June 11 onward, make it illegal to sell "erotic" music to minors, punishable by fines and jail. "It's not punitive," said Gardner, who obviously doesn't consider going to jail punitive. Maybe he was hoping for the death penalty. He said the bill was a "warning shot" to the music industry and further explained: "Frankly, it gives parents some assistance and control over what young people have access to."

Well, that should just about save our children! I'm sure the poor, beleaguered parents are doing absolutely everything right to bring them up but are seeing all their selfless work destroyed by Satan's own industry, the music business. Still, it's a shame the bill couldn't help provide control over kids' access to, say, crack or guns.

Nonetheless, it seems the Washington legislators acted just in the nick of time: "It's rather evident that we have permitted the First Amendment on expression to be carried to an extreme," declared Washington's senate judiciary chairman, Gary Nelson. If you, like me, didn't think the First Amendment had been precariously pushed into the red zone, it just shows how bad the situation must be and how honed the instincts are of our best elected officials. By the time we sluggards see the mess they have so heroically saved us from, all that remains is for us to thank them.

And they're so patient with us, these benevolent custodians of our lives! *They* realize that silly First Amendment, with all its naive ideology about free expression, was written 200 years ago. Of course it's perfectly out of date! But they know some of us younger folks, with our giddy, teenage hangovers of liberalism, *like* the First Amendment, *so they let us keep it*. And when do we ever show our gratitude?

Some of Washington's elected officials, however, didn't grasp the wisdom of their brethren. State senator Phil Talmadge complained: "My conservative colleagues are always saying that government should get off the backs of the commercial sector, but here we have government being the parent." Noting the 200th anniversary of the Bill of Rights, he carped: "The legislature in many pieces of legislation chips away at the First Amendment." Exactly the sort of myopic thinking that has characterized my own dull-witted view of the world. A little testily—even great men and women sometimes get testy—Talmadge's fellow senator Leo Thorsness pointed out: "Rights are important, but we've had a systematic degradation of our nation, morally and ethically."

Only the slowest of us still fail to see that music has caused all of this.

Ignorantly, we have distracted ourselves with a Congress riddled with check-bouncing lawmakers and thought them to have played a part in the tone of declining morality and overall corruption in this country. Foolishly, we have concentrated our ire on the petty S&L scandal, or on government agencies assisting drug trafficking, or—can you believe it—the deficit and the recession. And there are actually people in this country who worry about *joblessness*! Or think that our government, busy saving our children from 2 Live Crew, is actually not doing much else! What do they think bombing Baghdad was—a waste of time?

When the "porn rock" Senate hearings took place in September 1985, those of us who spoke out against the proceedings and the whole absurd notion that music, no matter what the lyrics, was dangerous, warned that: a) This wouldn't just go away, and that, like a column of ants, the censorship advocates would march inexorably on, and b) it would escalate to the point of being passed into law. You didn't need a crystal ball to call that. All you needed to see was the anxiety that precipitated the movement in the first place and know that as long as the people who were anxious were in positions of influence they would persist with their crusade.

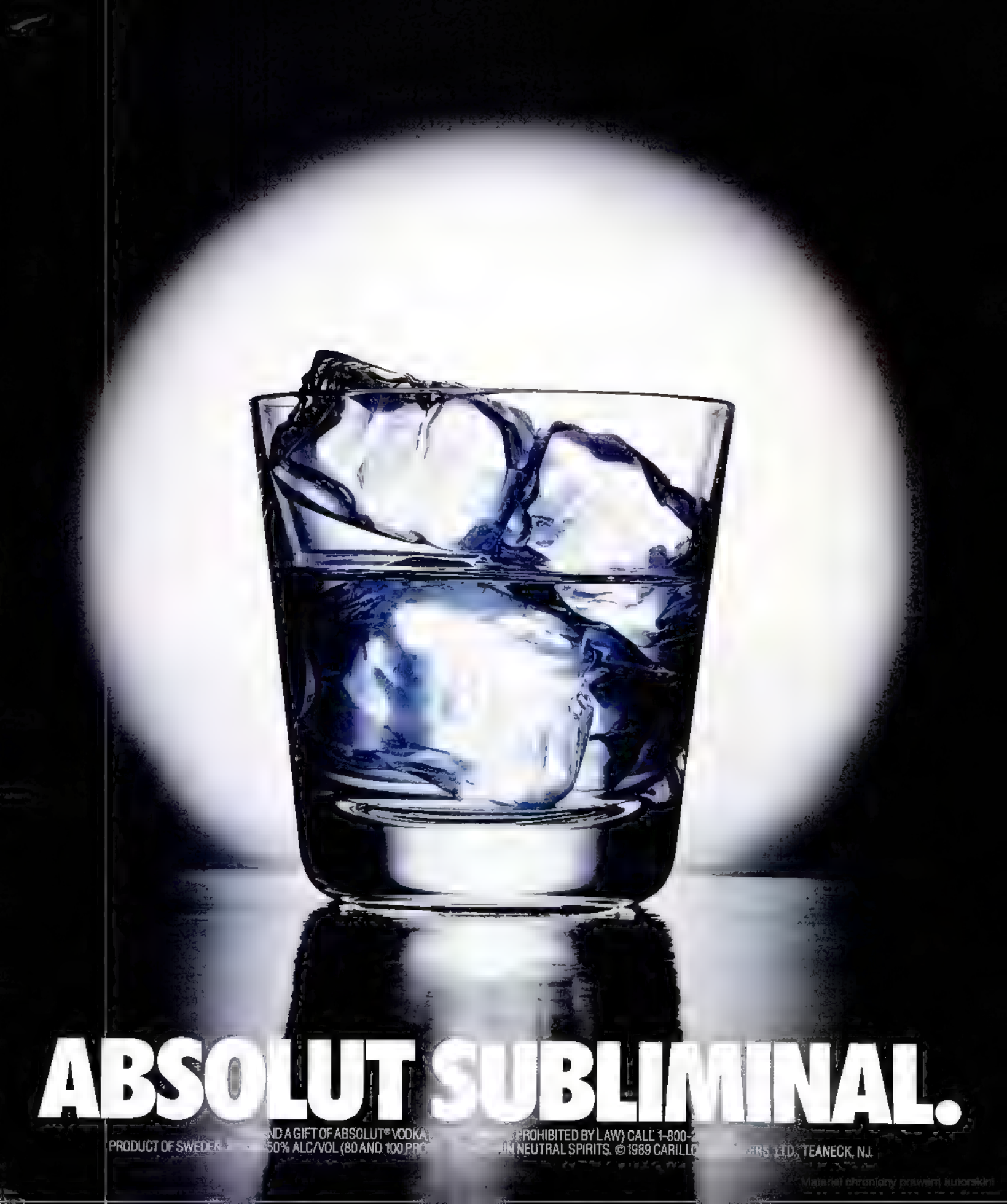
Art makes people who are doing something, or many things, wrong, anxious. Because art is an indivertible light that exposes the wrongdoing. Attempts to censor music are simply attempts to turn off the searchlight, under the pathetically transparent guise of helping people who, for some always unexplained reason, can't help themselves or their children. (If only a *fraction* of the same energy or compassion was ever directed toward teenage, single parents, or the uneducated, forgotten masses in our slums, or people with AIDS, or the homeless, how much better would our world be?) Parenting must be unimaginably hard, but how impossible is it for parents to discuss or regulate, if they feel it necessary, the music their child listens to? Surely that's easier than preventing the child's exposure to drugs, which are much cheaper and will somehow always be a little more clandestine than a 2 Live Crew record. Isn't that where the government can assist parents?

I *wish* it were true that music was to blame for society's degeneration—I wish the problem were that simple and the solution that clear. But music, like all art, is a rotating mirror. It reflects what it sees. The violence, the hopelessness, the misogyny, and the overall disregard for human life and values that some music, particularly rap, portrays is the product of the hijacking of the American Dream from the people it was intended for.

This is a complicated world, made more so by the deceit of emphasis on the wrong problems. Our real problems are rooted in the greed of big business and corrupt politicians. In the end Donald Trump sets a worse example and is a more heinous role model than Luther Campbell. The kids *know* Campbell is a cartoon character, a piece of theater; the trouble begins when *adults* believe in Donald Trump.

—Bob Guccione, Jr.

MICHAEL LAVINE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POINT BLANK LETTERS

Topspin's Tops

As I read April's Topspin, I can't help but think what a tremendous service you provide your readers month after month. While I may not agree with all you say, I respect what you say and how you say it.

I agree it's time for an end to 12 years of Republican-sponsored decline. America needs to wake up, and I thank you for your role in that realization.

JOHN BROWN, JR.
ATLANTA, GEORGIA

Re: Topspin [April '92]: We didn't win any Gulf War. There were no winners, only losers. Otherwise, a great editorial.

RICK FRIEL
SEATTLE, WASHINGTON

Rush! Rush!

At last! At long last! SPIN acknowledges a band which I have grooved on for years—Rush! ["Confessions of a Rush Fan," March '92]. Your article made my day.

STEVE WALLACE
EXETER, NEW HAMPSHIRE

Thank you, thank you, thank you! It's about time SPIN paid tribute to the world's best (and most underrated) rock band.

CLAUDIA DRAGUN
WASHINGTON, D.C.

Bob Mack should be hailed as a god by every Rush fan on this planet! And there are many!

DANIEL T. SMITH
AMSTERDAM, NEW YORK

I am very angry with the way you handled the article on Rush. No band anywhere will ever be compared to Rush no matter who they are! You had no right putting them down the way you did! Evidently, you don't give a damn about Rush, and they do not belong in this type of magazine!

MARCIA LESNAU
DEARBORN, MICHIGAN

Editor's Note: I

Pretty Hate Mail

I find Nine Inch Nails ["Nine Inches of Love," March '92] about as industrial as *Regis and Kathie Lee*. As for Trent, anybody who can ride a three-year-old record into a career has got to be working a swindle better than anything Malcolm McLaren ever devised.

JASON PETTIGREW,
SENIOR EDITOR,
ALTERNATIVE PRESS
CLEVELAND, OHIO

[Trent Reznor said his remarks about Frontline Assembly] were taken out of context, but words like *fucking* and *bullshit* are hardly the kind of words you miss!

Trent says he is leading the industrial revolution in music, but he should think before making such ludicrous statements. Anyone who has the slightest inkling of industrial music realizes that Trent Reznor is to industrial music what New Kids on the Block are to rap.

This letter was not written with the intent of getting even, but with the hope that others will use a little more thought before they go out of their way to put others down.

BILL LEEB,
FRONTLINE ASSEMBLY
VANCOUVER, BRITISH COLUMBIA

Editor's Note: Leeb received a letter of apology from Trent Reznor on February 11, before the newsstand appearance of the NIN article, which reads: "I just wanted to inform you that in the March issue of SPIN . . . I made some off-color comments regarding Frontline Assembly. I regret having made those remarks and also feel that they were presented somewhat out of context from the conversation. I by no means wished to cause harm to FLA or Wax Trax [the band's label] and should have thought before opening my mouth."

Trent Reznor gives us something to fight for and believe in. He's worthy of our respect and loyalty. Industrial music will go on.

LISA HARRIS
ST PETERSBURG, FLORIDA

NORMAL BIAS

HIGH BIAS

Uncommon

Dear Mr. John Booger Mellencamp: Congratulations! It's my borderline thrill to announce your nomination for lifetime and posthumous membership in the Intergalactic Order of Dullards ["Fanfare for the Common Man," February '92]. Our far flung operatives have been tallying your Hip-to-Be-Insipid Quotient for a prolonged period of time, and let me assure you that you've never failed to bore us to tears.

As a full-fledged Master Dullard, you'll be able to learn our secret handshake, receive our newsletter (*Dare to Be Dull: A Pictorial Overview*), and worship at the putting green of our choice. Join the delightfully drab company of Lee Trevino, E.G. Marshall, David and Julie Eisenhower, Lee Trevino, Peter Frampton, and Lee Trevino. Born to be blah!

JUSTIN REED,
ARCH DULLARD
PHOENIX, ARIZONA

Thank you so much for the wonderfully written and extremely insightful interview with John Mellencamp.

His remarkable ability to stimulate emotion through his music is unmatched—and his unwillingness to conform to "be hip" makes him the hippest guy around. To me, he is the ultimate poet, one hell of an entertainer, and the epitome of a human being.

SHARON S SKIE
MAPLE SHADE, NEW JERSEY

Ice Cube Squared

I'm an 18-year-old white college student. I'd like to thank SPIN for its interview with Ice Cube ["Soul on Ice," March '92]. His new album kicks reality, and I'd like to thank him for acknowledging his white fans. More African-American artists, especially those in rap, need to acknowledge their fans that aren't black, because we're catching a lot of hell out here.

ALISON MCLAUGHLIN
BLOOMINGTON, INDIANA

Read a history book. Blacks and Jews both come from backgrounds of oppression. Blaming Jews for the many problems facing black people is scapegoating.

As Lou Reed said: "Remember those civil-rights workers buried in the ground." Historically, in this country, Jewish people have been the only friends of blacks. Unfortunately, people like Chuck D, Spike Lee, Jesse Jackson, and [Ice Cube] are alienating us in droves.

JEFF SOMERSTEIN
NEW YORK, NEW YORK

Give It a (Spring) Break

That middle-class, white-boy, smart-ass shtick that Jim Greer and Mark Blackwell practice ["Mark and Jim's Totally Uncool Guide to Spring Break," March '92] is growing more and more tedious with each issue. Jim, Mark—we get the joke, okay? You want babes. You need loud music. You dig beer. Har de har har. Now kindly shut up.

VANCE CARIAGA
CHARLOTTE, NORTH CAROLINA

I've been reading your magazine for four years and I've always been impressed. But it's an understatement to say I was disappointed to read "Mark and Jim's . . ." Idiotic humor is one thing, but blatant, gratuitous sexism published in the name of humor is offensive. "Ten Tricks to Play on Your Maid" is degrading to any woman who has ever worked in the service industry. Women are belittled enough in publications that are aimed at their readership. I've come to expect more from SPIN. Objectification in the name of a good time? Come on, I deserve better than that.

ALISON MURCHIE
SEATTLE, WASHINGTON

Nirvana—Not!

[Re: "How Nirvana Made It," April '92] Nirvana, Pistols / Nirvana, Ramones / Nirvana, no dice / Lose them, they blow.

JONNY GRAU
CHARLOTTESVILLE, VIRGINIA

Correction

Villanova basketball player Gary McLain admitted to coke use during a 1985 game—not his teammate Dwayne McClain, as reported ["Memories of 1985," April '92].

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EDITED BY MARK BLACKWELL

From left: Dwayne Goettel, Ogre, and Cevin Key

Skinny Puppy—when there's something strange in your neighborhood, who you gonna call?

use your delusion

PHOTOGRAPH BY JAIME BIONDO

"Horror is a valid artistic genre," insists lyricist-performer Ogre of Skinny Puppy. It can also be a way of life. *Last Rights*, Skinny Puppy's eighth release, details terror that goes beyond gore and special effects; Ogre calls the album a "document delusion" of his personal experiences.

Ogre has just finished watching *Ren and Stimpy* and is feverishly playing Nintendo when I arrive to ask him about his work. Skinny Puppy—Ogre, keyboardist Dwayne Goettel, and multi-instrumentalist Cevin Key—began working on its nightmare industrial formula in Vancouver, Canada, almost ten years ago, but Ogre recently relocated to Los Angeles, after cleaning up his life considerably. During the recording of *Last Rights*, Ogre's almost-too-vivid imagination, combined with the mind-altering substances he was using to excess, resulted in a near breakdown for the singer.

"I was seeing things that I thought people were projecting into my room—like three-dimensional objects coming out of walls. I'd go in the studio after incredible nights of hallucinations and hauntings. Those were the best sessions, but I was falling-down drunk. They'd stop the tape and say, 'Ogre, are you okay?' and then go, 'He's down,' and put me in a cab. Everyone was concerned about me dying. I was off my head way too much—there's no way I could ever do that again."

Using an imaginative combination of tape loops, samples, voice effects, and computer technology to create dense cryptic rhythms, which Ogre calls "audio sculpture," Skinny Puppy creates horrific, haunting sounds that have remained consistent over the years. The dark trio has influenced scores of bands who've attempted to fit into industrial music's nightmare niche.

The band's infamous visuals spring entirely from Ogre's vampiric imagination, but he stresses the role of the other two band members. "Everything is based around the music," he says. Goettel and Key create the haunting sounds; when they finish a track, they hand the tape over to Ogre for lyrical treatment. No printed lyrics are included with the album because they're too personal, according to their author. The distorted vocals aren't easy to comprehend, underlining the mystery of the morbidly explosive music.

Ogre calls the *Last Rights* tour "a roller-coaster ride of graphic horror and violence" with emphasis on personal victimization. "I act out the creation of a monster that is your own nemesis but is actually yourself. We use the idea of being a puppet, a slave to different belief systems, and how you can be manipulated by people—if they know your weaknesses."

The concept behind Skinny Puppy's first recording, "Canine," was the world viewed through the eyes of a dog, and animal rights are a recurring theme. On the band's 1988 *VIVIsectVI* tour, Ogre played the role of a tortured lab animal, then became the torturer himself, ripping apart a stuffed dog. Audience responses varied from disgust to inappropriate enthusiasm: "Some people actually came up to me and said, 'I really dug that part where you were ripping apart the dog.' "

Over the years, Ogre has perfected his craft. "For the early shows, I'd do things onstage that would blow—they just wouldn't work." Fake blood and other gruesome props are still used, but they're handled more intelligently now. "Our shows combine images with theater. It works better than just coming out and doing a horror magic routine."

After the interview, Ogre takes me to a store on Melrose called Necromance, an "anatomical shop," to look at countertop displays of bones (including a kangaroo skeleton). Ogre looks disturbed. "I'm concerned about where they get the animal bones," he says. "I think it's probably okay, but you never know." I'm sure he's picturing an evil lab technician selling the skeletons of vivisected animals. Such would be typical of the terror Skinny Puppy dissects: real-life torment and B-movie-ish horror in equal parts—both a living nightmare and an elixir for the imagination.

STACI BONNER

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Seaweed *Weak* (Sub Pop). The Dwarves, Sub Pop's punk legends, *are* getting a little old. So now the label has turned to putting out bright-eyed, bushy-tailed punk rock bands. Yep, Seaweed is musical jailbait. Innocent, fiesty, exciting, and tight. This ten-song LP features growling, fast-paced Gibson SG–ish guitar, emotional vocals, and basic yet fresh melodies wrapped in a ball of anger. Seattle meets D.C. Yummy. (Fidler)

Doc Severinsen & the Tonight Show Band *Once More With Feeling!* (Amherst). You know how sometimes when you watch the *Tonight Show* you'll start wishing Johnny Carson would just shut the hell up so you could hear some more of that kick-ass brass swing from Doc and Tommy and the boys? Well, switch off the tube and grab this disc of the band's arrangements, from "Poor Butterfly" to "Bugle Call Rag." Tony Bennett even drops by for some crooning. (Blackwell)

Numb *Death on the Installment Plan* (Onslot/BMG/RCA). A disc full of distorted vocals and insane-sounding tape loops strung together to convey deep, morbid concepts. Numb's not the first band to try such a thing, but it handles the task with skill—crafting hard edges and sounds which are fundly inviting, like a haunted church. It's incredibly creepy, and will scare you silly—even in a crowded room. (Bonner)

HEAVY!

STAFF SELECTIONS

T42 *Intruder* (Columbia). This major-label debut album from two men with two keyboards takes you back to the feel of the early-'80s English new wave invasion. The high energy technopop sounds fill you with warmth and provide a new outlook on '90s dance club rhythms. Groovy selections include "Desire," a straight-up version of Heaven 17's "Let Me Go," and my favorite, "The Perfect Kiss." It's sure to make you dance. (John)

Twisted Sister *Big Hits and Nasty Cuts: The Best of Twisted Sister* (Atlantic). For those who don't see anything funny about *Wayne's World*, cherish the return of Spinal Tap, and don't understand what albinos, mosquitoes, and libidos have to do with being antiestablishment, this Twisted Sister greatest-hits-plus-live-cuts album offers it up straight. When these guys sing "We're Not Gonna Take It," what they're basically saying is that they're just not going to take it—anymore. (Hanna)

Arrested Development *Three Years, Five Months, and Two Days in the Life of . . .* (Chrysalis). This is a release that every hip person throwing a bash should kick into their stereo—overlook the political sound bites and you'll find some melodies for all shiny happy party people to groove on. The beats are reggae and hip hop, and will have you getting educated as your body gets motivated. (Spencer)

ARC OF A DIVA

Come on En Vogue, *from left*: Dawn Robinson, Cindy Herron, Terry Ellis, and Maxine Jones.

Generally the prospect of time spent at a video shoot makes one pine for the thrill of filing tax returns. But over at SIR Studios in Hollywood, assembled onlookers are glued in attention as yet another take rolls. "Ooooh . . . *bop!*" bounces out of the speakers, and En Vogue, the funky divas—all gussied up like Gold-Card-a-dance girls—vamp ferociously through a segment that ends with Cindy Herron ("the hyper one") hurling a leg that stretches from here to Christmas over the prop bar. Oomph girl Dawn Robinson ("the sensitive one") smolders so intensely that spontaneous combustion seems a strong possibility.

"That was like watching a centerfold being shot," I tell the ladies later. "A *tasteful* centerfold," sniffs Maxine Jones ("the serious one"), emphasizing the quartet's watchword.

A number of girl groups—let's call them the soul *Stepford Wives*—have been assembled and publicly puppeteered by male producers and performers. (See Prince's Vanity 6, Rick James's Mary Jane Girls, Hammer's Oaktown 3.5.7., Clivellés & Cole's Seduction, and—about to roll off the assembly line—Teddy Riley's Girlstown and the Jam & Lewis teen trio, Krush.) Although En Vogue sprang from the imaginations of former Club Nouveau artisans Denzil Foster and Thomas McKilroy, this group, perceived from the get-go as a prestigious project, and buoyed by 1990's platinum *Born to Sing* set, seems a lot less marionette than most. The Cuisinart of a second album, *Funky Divas*, features the ladies figure skating across a panoply of styles. "This album is much more versatile," says Terry Ellis ("the funny one").

No lie. *Funky Divas* features an almost-convincing fuzz-guitar attempt at rocking out ("Free Your Mind"), reggae, house, a cover of the Beatles' "Yesterday" ("We had no idea there were other versions," they chorus), and a rap track, "It Ain't Over Till the Fat Lady Sings."

"Whenever you have success you have rumors," says Dawn of the latter piece. "First we were hearing we're lesbians, then our hair wasn't our own, now they say we're washed up. That song is our way of answering back."

Despite this confidence, might the ladies be feeling a little worn by success?

"On our first album sleeve, we looked so young," says Dawn. "I feel like I've aged a hundred years"

"You look it, as well," I say, in retrospect a little thoughtlessly.

"You're not winning any points with us," mutters Cindy.

Dawn is more concerned: "Do we look old, for real?"

"We're changing our image," yells Maxine. "Next time you see us we'll have walking canes."

"No"—Dawn makes a speedy recovery—"Next time you see us we'll have diapers on."

Like a boor, I retort, "I'd pay to see that."

What a class act.

JONATHAN BERNSTEIN

IT AIN'T NO MIRAGE.

Jose Cuervo always shows up for the party. For some tips on how to party Cuervo style, turn over this page.

Amnesty Corner

Last year SPIN pledged to help Amnesty International work for the release of six prisoners of conscience. Each month we update you on the status of these victims of tyranny, injustice, and, in some cases, torture, and ask you to write letters of support for one (or more) of your choice—in effect, you adopt your own prisoner of conscience. You can also contact Amnesty International, U.S.A. (322 Eighth Ave., New York, NY 10001; 1-800-55-AMNESTY), to learn other ways you can help. Protest works. Lots of protest works better, faster.

Amnesty has learned that at least two political prisoners have died in recent months in Malawi, apparently due to harsh prison conditions. Authorities have not held inquests into these deaths, as required by Malawian law. There is no further news, however, on the status of Orton and Vera Chirwa, held in Malawi for over a decade on charges of treason. Vera turns 50 years old on May 26. Readers are encouraged to send birthday greetings to her at the following address: *Vera Chirwa, Zomba Central Prison, Box 28, Zomba, Malawi.*

There is still no further news on poet Nguyen Chi Thien, suspected to have been released from prison in Vietnam, or Mexican political activist José Ramón García, rumored to have been killed in the city of Cuautla, in Morelos, Mexico. Amnesty requests once again that readers suspend letter-writing behalf of Thien but resume writing the Mexican president urging a full investigation on García's account.

Please support our efforts to free the remaining prisoners by writing to the heads of state listed after the names of each prisoner. Every letter counts.

Hafez al-Assad
President Hafez al-Assad; Presidential Palace; Damascus, Syrian Arab Republic

Orton Chirwa and Vera Chirwa
H.E. the Life President; Ngwazi Dr. Kamuzu Banda; Life President of the Republic of Malawi; Office of the President and Cabinet; Private Bag 388; Lilongwe 3, Malawi

Aung San Suu Kyi
General Saw Maung, Chairman; State Law and Order Restoration Council (SLORC); c/o Ministry of Defense; Signal Pagoda Road; Yangon, Union of Myanmar (Burma)

José Ramón García
Lic. Carlos Salinas de Gortari; Presidente de la Republica; Palacio Nacional; 06067 Mexico DF, Mexico

R A D I O G R A F F I T I

joe public

Y'a know somethin'? I'm really sick 'n' tired of havin' ta listen to & review bitch-ass tracks for the public. I for one feel that the audience out there deserves more than jamz made by Smuckers—oh x-cuze me, I mean "suckers"—of tha new jack circuit. Yoo know the type, the ones that make records like, "I miss you, girl, let me kiss you"—all this iz true, but Bonz will dis yoo!

Everybody wantz to be another Aaron Hall or Barry White (just take a look at Big Daddy Kane) but not Joe Public. No, the guyz in this band wanna be soulful R&B swing crooners that'll win yoo over with a song. Same f*#%in' thing, duke! Tha self titled album, produced by Lionel Job and Joe smokes kielbasa! There'z no flavor nor substance that spellz "new." Tha tracks are tired, even though tha four guyz have a lot of energy. Who signed this groop? Who gave them a record deal? What tha f#%* are they thinkin' up in thoze high rises? I don't believe theze guyz deserve a second album after this schitt! They can shuffle back ta Buffalo (New York), where they came frum, az far az I'm concerned.

Yeah, okay, check it out for yourself: "Live and Learn" has an alright beat and a semi-lame video to push it. An yoo might have seen 'em on *MTV Unplugged* wit' Shanice Wilson 'n' Boyz II Men. I give props to thoze who can play az many instruments az they can, but tha imagery of dreads and Dr. Marten boots went out with Abba! Who? Exactly. On behalf of tha world, NARAS & anyone else that don't give two f#&%s—there'z only one Joe Public. And that's me.

Note to editor: Yo, Mark B., I'm sorry. I can't finish this schitt—it ain't worth tha bit! Word. I heard they were gonna be on *Unplugged*—so what!? If MTV wants to unplug somethin' they can unplug my TV set! Oh, yeah, I forgot—I don't have one! F*#& 'em anyway. Out.

BONZ MALONE

Average Joes, Joe Public, *from left*: Dew, Jake, JR, and KEV

DEAR ELVIS,

What do you think about courses being taught such as our "American Popular Arts: Elvis as Anthology"?
Loren Keller
University of Iowa
Iowa City, Iowa

Well, I never went to no college or nothing, so I ain't the one to judge whether a book educated Ph.D. professor oughta go and teach a lesson to a pack of young'uns about a country boy like me who never hardly amounted to a damn in school hisself. I reckon it's alright as long as them kids get their other subjects—like U.S.A. history and word speling and number adding and body frame welding—studied real good, too. It's right nice to have boys and girls appreciating the songs that you sung way before some of them was nary a gleam in their young daddy's eye. Like I always say: Anything that'll keep kids from getting out in the road and raising hell and fighting and setting law enforcement vehicles on fire is damn well okay by me.

School's out,
Elvis

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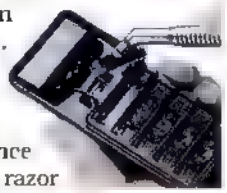

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moo revolutions

Recipe: Mix a dab of country, a pinch of blues, a teaspoon of grunge, a few heaping cups of spontaneous, energetic punk, and the schizophrenic toot of a bugle. Whaddaya get? Cows—Minneapolis rock dementia at its finest.

"It's so easy to put songs together," singer Shannon Selberg explains. "We might as well make them fun."

Cows' compositions are pure power—maelstroms with enough momentum to make you flush your Pearl Jam discs down the toilet. The band has gotten better with every record—from the sheer power of its 1989 sludgefest, *Daddy Has a Tail!*, to 1991's crazed *Peacetika* to its new gem, the tamer, experimental, tighter-than-bark-on-a-tree *Cunning Stunts*. And live, Cows are tops. If the beautifully intense playing doesn't grab you, the goofballish, sometimes violent antics of the band members will.

Live milkmen. The Cows, *from left:* Kevin Rutmanis, Norm Rogers, Thor Eisentrager, and Shannon Selberg.

"When you're at our level, there's lots of times you're playing with no one there," says Selberg. "You've got to entertain yourself. If we stay entertained"—which for Cows means Magic Marker tattoos, buck-tooth dentures, red felt cowboy hats, 33 AA bras, and spitting on the crowd—"the audience will be entertained."

"When it's physical enough, it's kind of titillating," bassist Kevin Rutmanis adds. "Like rough sex. We all unite into a beautiful brotherhood."

DANIEL FIDLER

The real McCoy, Juliana Hatfield.

JUST SAY JULIANA

Juliana Hatfield is wearing fake eyelashes and a boyish, navy-blue windbreaker zipped all the way up. The first thing she does is blame the eyelashes on the fashion magazine photo shoot she's just finished. "They put these eyelashes on me and had all these clothes they wanted me to try—stuff I'd never wear, like little minidresses. I ended up convincing them I should wear my own clothes."

Although Hatfield has just finished her first solo album (on leave from her role as singer and bassist for Blake Babies), she isn't terribly impressed with herself. When asked if she's happy with *Hey Babe*, she says she's "not real upset about it." And later, she describes herself as "kind of blah."

In fact, after meeting Hatfield, I'm less apt to believe she's being truthful when she chimes "I'm not a loser" in "I See You" than when she sings "I'm ugly with a capital U" in "Ugly." It's clear that Hatfield's self-doubt is more of a reality than sonorous theatricality.

"*Hey Babe*," she admits, "seems like an album motivated by low self-esteem. It's easier for me to make music than to be a good person. You can tell that in my music."

True. The sounds of *Hey Babe* modestly flaunt Hatfield's talent as a songwriter, and her sugar-sweet voice gropes at the lyrics in an act of excruciating self-examination. The songs show an admitted weak spot for the "really sweet harmonies of Wilson Phillips" (whom she insists she "*really* likes"), with a penchant for the heavier sounds of fellow Bostonians such as Dinosaur Jr. Hatfield wants to head in the direction of the latter, as she does on rougher tracks such as "Nirvana" and "Quit," but she feels that her childlike voice sets limitations.

"The lyrics have to have more substance and the music has to be harder just to counteract my voice. I could fall in the trap of being way too pop because of it."

Talking to this fragile-faced beauty, I can't help but ask if she's scared of getting twisted into something that she's not:

"I can see I'm getting pushed around by people, into situations that aren't natural—like clothes or something. It's just because I don't know what I want. I've got to be strong and figure it out. Once I know, I'll have no problem enforcing it."

Having found her way into a solid solo album and out of a minidress, Juliana Hatfield knows more about what she wants than she realizes.

AMY TALKINGTON

TOP GREG ALLEN LEFT E.R. DEBSINGER INSET DANIAL CORRIGAN

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EAU DE TOILETTE
Guy Laroche
Paris
Feel the power

CRACKER JACKS

When Cracker's David Lowery declares "What the world needs now is another folk singer" on the lead track of the band's self-titled debut, he's definitely kidding. "It's all smoke screen," says Lowery, who was once the lyrical force behind arch '90s hipster band Camper Van Beethoven. "The guy in the song's just trying to get this girl into bed."

Camper Van Beethoven, the group that embodied the pluralistic phenom we now know as "college rock," split in 1990, citing creative differences. Lowery formed Cracker in the wake of *Key Lime Pie*, Camper's fifth and most successful album. "I was pissed about the breakup," says Lowery, "but at some point I had to say I wasn't going to play 'jazz odyssey.' It was sounding a lot like prog rock." Three members of Camper had already begun recording as Monks of Doom, relying heavily on extended jazz improvs. Lowery says the band's level of discourse had deteriorated: "It was beginning to feel like Spinal Tap."

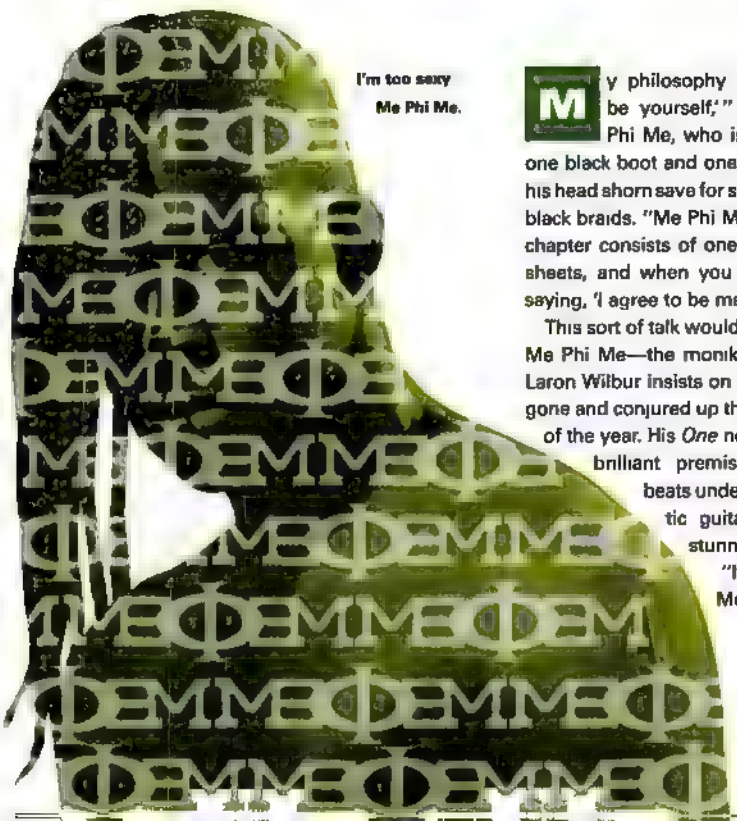
After spending time producing in Germany ("the only country where I'm considered a genius," he says), Lowery contacted guitarist Johnny Hickman, a childhood friend from hometown Redlands, California. Hickman had been in Bakersfield, hanging out with Merle Haggard's band, soaking up the classic California country sound. Soon the two began writing songs together. Hickman also wrote some songs solo, including "Mr. Wrong," a wry croon. "Filtered through our surrealist, absurdist brains, though," says Hickman, "it doesn't really come out country."

Bassist Davey Faragher and drummer Joey Peters rounded out Cracker's formidable rhythm section. Faragher, also from Redlands, was once a member of the Faragher Brothers, a group he claims was the first all-white band to appear on *Soul Train*.

Biting songs such as "Teen Angst (What the World Needs Now)" and "Don't Fuck Me Up (With Peace and Love)" prove that Lowery's sardonic surfer sensibilities haven't been totally transformed. Like Camper, Cracker is interested in traversing musical genres and attracting eclectic fans. "I think Camper's audience was the most likely to have homicidal killers in it," Lowery says with anticipatory glee. Of course, he's just kidding again—I think. ALEC FOEGE

Cracker, *from left*: Joey Peters, David Lowery, Davey Faragher, and Johnny Hickman.

HIP HOP UN-PLUGGED



I'm too sexy Me Phi Me.

"My philosophy is 'Please be yourself,'" says Me Phi Me, who is wearing one black boot and one red boot, his head shorn save for some thick, black braids. "Me Phi Me is a fraternity and each chapter consists of one person. I've got sign-up sheets, and when you sign your name, you're saying, 'I agree to be me.'"

This sort of talk would be just so much hooey if Me Phi Me—the moniker by which Tennessean Laron Wilbur insists on being addressed—hadn't gone and conjured up the most stimulating debut of the year. His *One* not only revolves around a brilliant premise—positioning hip hop beats under rippling waves of acoustic guitars—but makes it work stunningly. Accident or design? "It wasn't planned," Me Phi Me says. "I didn't say [in a mad-scientist voice], 'Wouldn't hip hop be great if we put an acoustic guitar to it?' It's something I just stumbled upon." He had his fingers crossed tightly, hoping that no one else would stumble across his idea at the same time: "I've been doing it for so long there's always been a monster over my shoulder saying, 'Someone else is going to do this.'"

Nobody trespassed on Me Phi Me's property, but when discerning listeners hear his low-impact delivery, melodies, harmonies, and abstract lyrical finger paintings, they could be forgiven for initially drawing comparisons to P.M. Dawn. When I mention this, that red boot and that black boot look as if they're gearing up to walk all over me.

"I don't agree. I can't say I have enough admiration for P.M. Dawn to smile when someone compares me to them. Prince Be wears the glitter and I wear jeans and boots. I ride motorcycles and drive trucks and live in Tennessee. When he says, 'Reality used to be a friend of mine,' I agree—it *used* to be a friend of his, but it's *still* a friend of *mine*."

So much for "Please be yourself."

JONATHAN BERNSTEIN

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news flashes

By the Time I Get to Botswana: Public Enemy is gearing up for its highly touted tour of South Africa, part of the profits of which will be donated to various liberation movements in the area.

Lollapalooza Two-za: The Red Hot Chili Peppers, Ministry, Ice Cube, the Jesus and Mary Chain, Soundgarden, and Pearl Jam are among the fun, frolic, and festivities slated to crash down upon 24 cities over the six weeks of Lollapalooza '92. The Perry Farrell–organized sequel begins in San Francisco on July 18. Farrell is also busy at work on his own new band, Porno for Pyros, which includes former Jane's Addiction drummer Stephen Perkins, guitarist Peter Distefano, former Thelonious Monster bassist Martyn Lenoble, and scratch-and-sample hip hop artist Skatemaster Tate. Farrell's long-delayed movie, a conceptual-autobiographical-surf-music-video-art-type deal titled *Gift*, is scheduled for release this month.

Big Brother Is Being Watched: Camcorders, fax machines, and other weapons of mass communication are being doled out to activists worldwide as part of the Witness program—a project launched by musician Peter Gabriel, the Lawyers Committee for Human Rights, and the Reebok Foundation in an attempt to "expose [human rights] abuses and galvanize public opinion to stop them." For more info write Lawyers Committee for Human Rights, 330 Seventh Ave., Tenth Fl., New York, NY 10001, or call 212-629-6170.

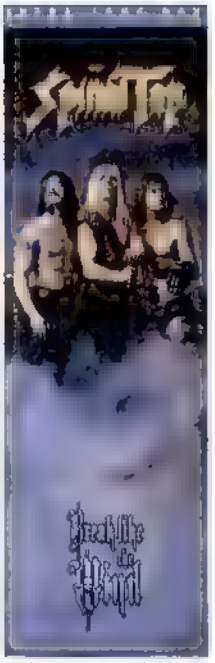
IN THE STUDIO:

Sonic Youth produced by Butch Vig (of Nirvana and Smashing Pumpkins fame), Ugly Kid Joe, Screaming Trees, Soul Asylum, the reformed Television, Sub Pop's semilegendary Beat Happening, former Galaxie 500 front man Dean Wareham produced by Fred Maher, and Garth Brooks recording albums four and five—one a Christmas LP.

Sonic Youth

SPIN PATROL

Waste Like the Wind: In an eco-conscious move dwarfing the long overdue decision to replace the CD long box with a standard 5-by-5½-inch package (now set to take effect by next April), Spinal Tap heroically unveiled its 18-inch promo "extra-long box." The thoughtful Tap's brainchild "utilizes more of our precious recycled resources" than any other CD packaging.



Live and Let Drink: In a beverage bonding that's much more believable than Michael Jackson and Pepsi, guitarist Slash of Guns N' Roses signed the multimillion-dollar dotted line to endorse Black Death vodka, a product that originally hails from Iceland. ● **Marry and Hum:** Sparks flew when film director Phil Joanou met Kate Hyman, vice president of A&R for Imago Records, backstage at U2's Meadowlands show in New Jersey. The couple hopped an early morning flight to Vegas and tied the knot at the Graceland Chapel (with Elvis impersonator at hand), 22 hours after first laying eyes on each other. ● **Gwar Stories:** The inimitable Gwar has just released its home video, *Phallus in Wonderland*, a "musical adventure film." Butthole Surfer Gibby Haynes guest-stars. ● **Donny Come Lately:** Donny Osmond has begun rehearsals for the lead role of Joseph in a new production of Andrew Lloyd Webber's *Joseph and the Amazing Technicolor Dreamcoat*. The musical has its North American premiere in Toronto this month and will hit the U.S. later in the summer.

ON THE ROAD:

Summer highlights: U2 and Bruce Springsteen stadium tours; and, yes, Garth Brooks on the road from June to December.

SEATTLE OBSCENE: Washington State House Bill 2554 has amended a 23-year-old statute to include "sound recordings" among the materials that can be classified as "erotic," i.e., obscene and subject to harsh restrictions. "If the material is found to be erotic," reads the house bill, "it must be labeled 'adults only' and may not be displayed or sold in a manner that makes the material readily accessible to a minor." A first offense carries a maximum punishment of six months in jail.

STILL LIFE PHOTOGRAPHY BY JAIME BIONDO FAR LEFT: MICHAEL LAVINE

WHERE THE STONE AGE MEETS THE ROCK AGE.

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HOLLYWOOD PICTURES

THAWING THIS SUMMER AT A THEATRE NEAR YOU

THE COLD ROCK STUFF

THESE ARE A FEW OF OUR FAVORITE THINGS

A host is a host, of course, of course, unless it's the famous Mr. Ed. Yeah, this was the guy that didn't want Jim Morrison to use the word "higher", but he was still a really cool cat. His Sunday show ran from 1948 to 1971, showcasing all the hipsters of the time (like Eric Burdon and the Animals, pictured at left). See Ed in action on *The Very Best of the Ed Sullivan Show* videos or hear his guests' live performances on the excellent TVT Records series, *The Sullivan Years* (eight of an eventual 25 CDs have been released).

T'ai Chi

"The martial arts have many minor systems. . . . They are nothing more than the strong intimidating the weak," according to *The T'ai Chi Ch'uan Treatise*. T'ai chi ch'uan, or "t'ai chi" for short, is considered by its practitioners to be the most enlightened form of kung fu. Only after years of daily practice of the slow dancelike form, first performed some 900 years ago in China, can one be worthy of the ancient saying, "Four ounces deflect a thousand pounds"—pureness triumphs over force. Along the way, though, you get to learn how to punch and kick people in the throat and groin.

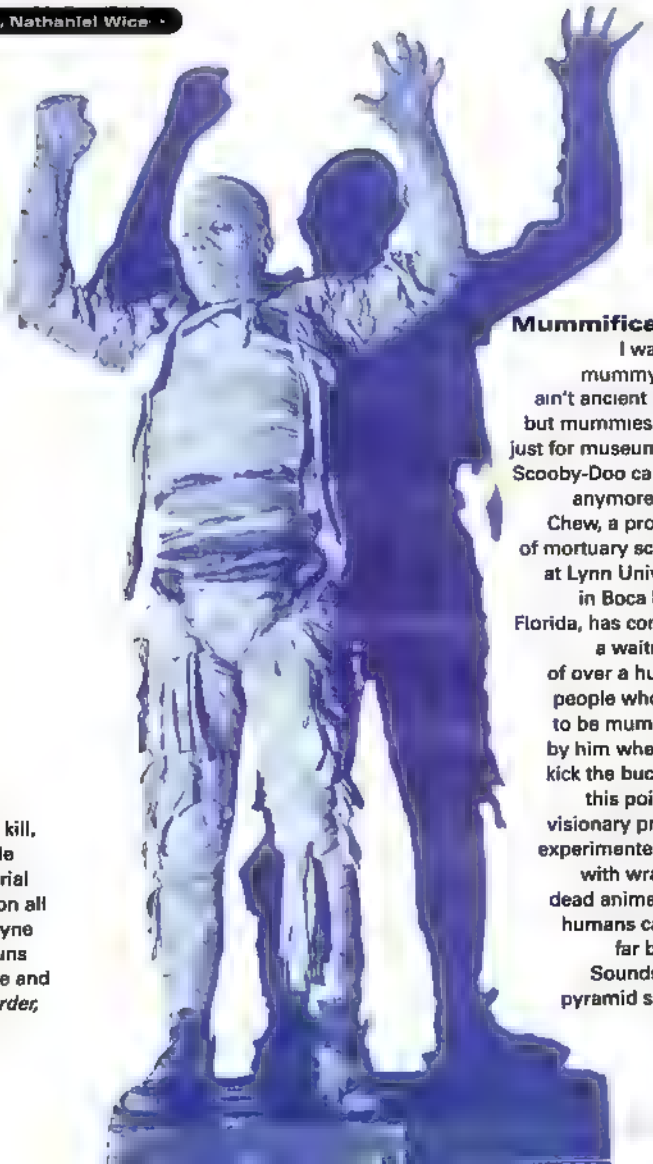
Jazz Cooks: Portraits and Recipes of the Greats

Do you like jazz? Do you like to eat? Well, hey, this could be the book for you. Over 90 jazz-world bigwigs talk tunes and food here—presenting their favorite recipes for cookin' good times. Carmen McRae, Doc Severinsen, and Dizzy Gillespie are among the greats generously gabbing about grooves and gastronomy. The photographs are yummy, too.

Compiled by Mark Blackwell, Shana Sobel, Nathaniel Wice

The Thesaurus

You know how, like, sometimes you're just searching for, um, you know, a different, uh, **locution**. No, what we mean is an appropriate, um, **lexeme**. Nah, that's not correct. **Vocable**? No. **Verbalism**. That's the ticket. Wait, no, here it is: **WORD**. That's the word we're looking for: **word**. Get out your thesaurus next time articulation becomes an onerous enterprise. It's unequivocally an utterly banausic tool.



Mummification

I want my mummy! This ain't ancient Egypt, but mummies aren't just for museums and Scooby-Doo cartoons anymore. John Chew, a professor of mortuary sciences at Lynn University in Boca Raton, Florida, has compiled a waiting list of over a hundred people who want to be mummified by him when they kick the bucket. At this point, the visionary prof has experimented only with wrapping dead animals, but humans can't be far behind. Sounds like a pyramid scheme to us.

FAR LEFT: THE GAMMA LIAISON NETWORK; SHAHN KERMANI. NEAR LEFT: CULVER PICTURES

True-Crime Trading Cards

Forget baseball cards. Who did Babe Ruth ever kill, anyway? Two new series of trading cards provide portraits of 110 lowlifes you love to hate. The Serial Killers and Mass Murderers set dishes the gravy on all your depraved faves—including Ed Gein, John Wayne Gacy, and head chef Jeffrey Dahmer—while the Guns and Gangsters cards introduce you to the cunning likes of Al Capone and Ma Barker. Crime may not pay, but it sure is fun to read about. *To order, call Eclipse Books, 707-887-1521*

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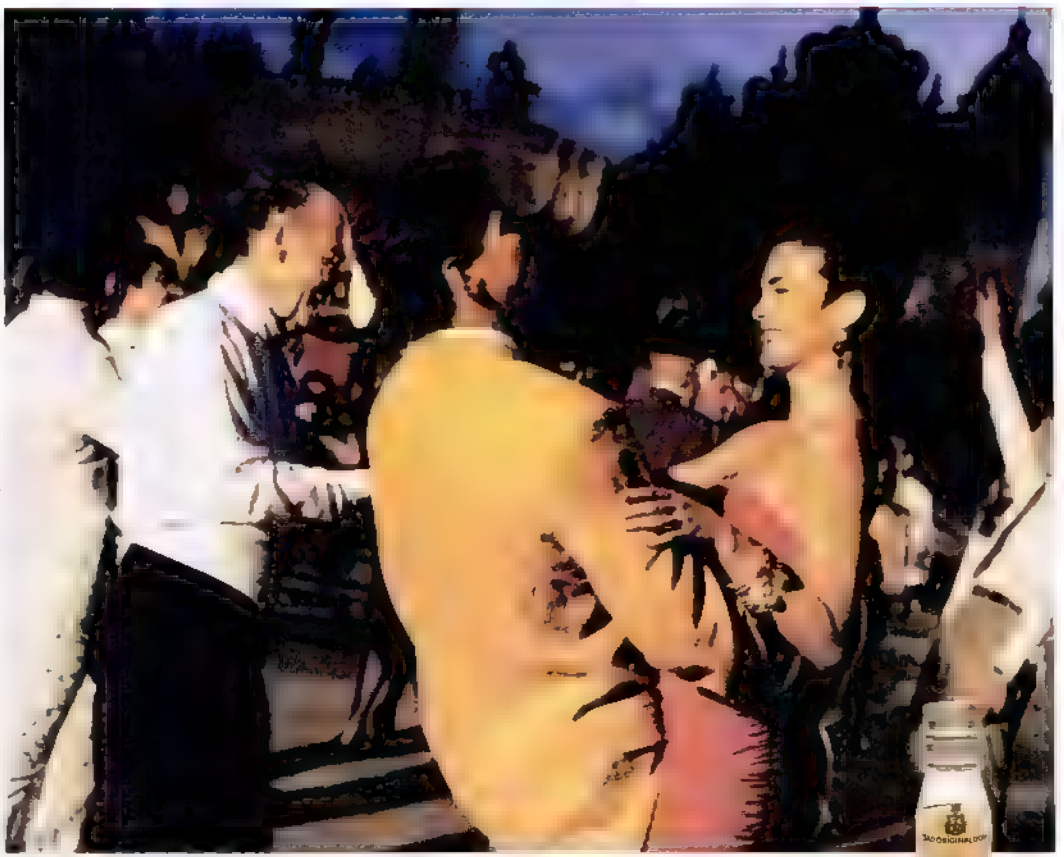

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THE SPIRIT OF MEXICO

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What good is a cure if there's no disease? MARK BLACKWELL and JIM GREER traipse all the way to England to find out.

TAKING THE CURE

Boys Don't Smile

You know Robert Smith: misery's poster boy, weepy-eyed, tousle-haired singer for the Cure. Heap big paleface. Doyen of melancholy for a million suburban simps—all of them equally misunderstood. Made up like Bozo's evil twin, he capers around the stage at Dodger Stadium, spreading the gospel of angst to the masses, and later drowns his copious sorrows in copious pints of beer. Yeah, you know: Robert Smith.

"I don't care if Monday's blue, Tuesday's grey, and Wednesday too / Thursday, I don't care about you / It's Friday, I'm in love / Monday, you could fall apart / Tuesday, Wednesday break my heart / Thursday doesn't even start / It's Friday, I'm in love."
—from "Friday I'm in Love"

" 'Friday I'm in Love' is a dumb pop song, but it's quite excellent actually, just because it's so absurd," says Robert with a shy grin. "It's so out of character—very optimistic and really out there in happy land. It's nice to get that counterbalance. People think we're supposed to be leaders of some sort of 'gloom movement.' I could sit and write gloomy songs all day long, but I just don't see the point."

Bob Smith's actually a more-or-less happy guy these days. ("Say happi*er*,'" he requests. "I'm still miserable overall.") While the singer insists he's as glum as ever, he hardly looks it, and fellow band members cock slightly disbelieving eyebrows in his direction when he asserts his wretchedness.

"I think, words-wise, there are only two songs on the new album that are miserable," he allows, when pressed. "So, I guess I can't be *that* miserable at the moment—but I am, really. It's that same core of despair that never goes away; but there are so many really good things to be done these days, and ways of passing the time in an enjoyable manner, that I don't dwell on it too much. The fact that I'm enjoying my work a lot more helps. There's much more fun to be had now in what we're doing."

In Between Daze

Mark and Jim arrive in London on the day before the Cure interview, very happy themselves just from the fact that everyone on the flight over had their own little

PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE DOUGLAS BROTHERS

IF YOU READ ONLY ONE BOOK THIS YEAR, MAKE IT THIS RECORD
HIPHOPRISY Gets A Hero's Welcome
"If you can listen to Public Enemy, X-Clan, KRS-One and the rest of those kinds of groups, you should listen to Hiphoprisy."
—Afrika Bambaataa
"I love 'em because they're hiphop heretics, the first progressive rap group of the '90s to enter into an ongoing critique of American society."
— Vernon Reid, Living Colour
"Disposable Heroes of Hiphoprisy's live show was one of the most thrilling and original that I have witnessed."
— Cathal Coughlan, Fatima Mansions
"The Disposable Heroes of Hiphoprisy are clearly part of the highly intelligent, ... others."
— Harmony (formerly of Boogie Down Productions)
"Michael Franti combines fine art with strong social protest. He is the Diego Rivera of rap."
— Ishmael Reed, author, Mumbo Jumbo
"It's dope as it gets!"
— Ice T
"I was surprised and delighted to discover that Hiphoprisy's notion of liberation and humanity would embrace me, a gay black man."
— Marlon Riggs, director, Tongues Untied
"When ya need some time to think and just chill for a while, this is the shit to get..."
— Rap Pages
"...Taking hiphop to the next level, where smarts and throbbing bass add up to an experience that will blow your mind."
— DJ Times
"Performers with a future."
— The New York Times
THE DISPOSABLE HEROES OF HIPHOPRISY
The album : HYPOCRISY IS THE GREATEST LUXURY
Featuring the singles "Language of Violence," "Television, the Drug of the Nation"

personal TVs to watch and several channels from which to choose. (Once they land, however, television quality becomes quite a different matter. No wonder someone from England might be tempted to make morose music, what with the overwhelming doses of snooker and other boring English-type stuff on TV.) The two writers rent a car and proudly drive on the right side of the road (the left side) straight to their destination a little over an hour north, without a map or anything.

"The main reason the instrumental thing was shelved was that I wasn't getting the songs finished," explains Robert. "We didn't really work that hard the last two months or so. There were days when we wouldn't accomplish anything, or wouldn't start working till after dinner. It's been really good because we've spent much of our stay actually going to pubs and cycling and stuff. We weren't in the

Without his makeup and his hair teased

The Cure has just spent a good six months living at Virgin president Richard Branson's Manor Studios in the serenely rustic English countryside near Woodstock (Mark and Jim ask everyone to show them where that big concert took place back in '69, but they just get funny looks), recording its new album, *Wish*. The "Manor" is actually quite famous, and upon arrival, the writers are presented with a 48-page booklet on the place, detailing the history of all creatures who passed through the area—from woolly

control room all the time thinking whether a certain note should go 'deet' or should it go 'doot.'"

Despite the reputation of the Manor, it hardly reeks of majesty-of-rock ostentation. As Smith points out, there's a refreshing lack of gold records hanging on the walls, and just about the only evidence that anyone other than country gentry has ever inhabited the 12th-century edifice (besides the studio annex itself) are a couple of black-and-white photos of T'Pau in the front corridor and, uh, the rock mural.

up to the heavens, Robert Smith could

rhinoceroses in the Paleolithic period to Haircut 100 in the late new wave era. Everyone from Queen to King Trigger (?) recorded here in the mid-'70s to early-'80s, and its rep as a cheese palace of prog-rock excess initially turned the Cure off when choosing a studio.

"This place symbolized for me everything wrong with music in the mid-'70s," says Robert. "It's, like, 'Oh no, you're going to the Manor and you're gonna get hexed and end up there for like a year's time.' But when you get here, you realize that

Above the hallway entrance, on the second floor, just to the right of the really big "tall ship" model (it's rumored that a previous band tried unsuccessfully to sail it in a nearby pond), is what the band refers to as a "grotesque mural," depicting several Virgin recording stars garbed in neo-Renaissance finery. There's Boy George, Phil Collins, and Mike "Tubular Bells" Oldfield, among others. In the course of the band's stay, the Cure took it upon itself to "amend" the mural to reflect the changes time hath

be mistaken for just another guy.

it was the mentality of the people who recorded here that gave it that reputation. We visited 12 or 13 residential studios around the country. This wasn't the best studio, but it had the best atmosphere. That shows our intentions from the very start. If we're doing something we enjoy, it wouldn't matter if we were locked in a little coal shed."

The original concept of the sessions was to produce two albums—one "sort of normal," says Robert, and the other a "long and spacey," purely instrumental collection. The final product was a healthy 25 songs, just under half of which made the cut for a single album.

wrought upon the depicted heroes, so that, for instance, Phil's hair has been thinned considerably, and Boy has a few extra pounds of George. By the end of their visit, the guys expect to have made further changes, if any of them manage to remain sober enough to accomplish the necessary brushwork.

Why Can't I Be Me?

The Cure looks sober enough, though maybe slightly hung over, when its members file quietly into the Manor's sitting room for a chat. First Robert, dressed simply in a gray cardigan and jeans, then

guitarist-keyboardist Perry Bamonte, former Cure roadie and the latest addition to the lineup, followed by bassist Simon Gallup and guitarist Porl Thompson. Drummer Boris Williams will show up later just in time for tea. It's the first interview the band will have done for some time, certainly the first since completing (nearly) the album. Except for the singer, it's hard for the writers to keep up with who's who at times, especially since the members keep calling Perry, "Teddy," and occasionally refer to

"It's quite a source of amusement

Robert as "Smitty."

While Smitty's singing voice is permanently cracked, with a built-in hiccup of despair at the beginning of every line and a half-sob at the end, his speaking voice is alarmingly normal—almost too quiet for tinnitus-inflicted journalists like Mark and Jim to accurately decipher over a crackling hearth fire. He tends to stick his fingers in his mouth while talking, which both further obscures sense and makes him look, sometimes, kind of silly.

Without his makeup and his

when I read what's written about us

dorky clothes, and without his hair teased up to the heavens, Smith could easily be mistaken for "just another guy," a perception he seems eager to perpetuate in the interview, while at the same time mouthing an implicit distrust of the entire process.

"It's quite a source of amusement sometimes," he says, "when I read what's written about the Cure and what we're supposed to be like. Some of the things are so blatantly untrue that you wonder why the writers bother to do interviews.

and what we're supposed to be like."

Sometimes I'm perfectly civil and haven't said anything weird and stuff, and they'll go away and write a huge piece about someone crazy. I'll think, 'Who the fuck is this they're writing about?' They're just perpetuating all these myths."

"Imagine the stuff that gets written in Spanish or something," adds Simon. "Like, how many times have you died?"

"Or Japanese. The worst of all, boy," says Robert.

All things considered, Mark and Jim figure it is probably a good thing that they didn't follow through on their original plan to dress up like Robert and do the interview with teased wigs and somber makeup in hopes of putting him more at ease (and for amusement in general). 'Cause that's not what Robert wants people to think he's about, and also 'cause the writers would probably have just been mistaken for the Australian Cure anyway.

"There was this magazine article about a group called the Australian Cure who just do cover versions of our songs," Simon says.

"There's an Australian Doors touring here at the moment," Robert murmurs. "I can understand that, because the Doors are, like, dead, but . . . "

"They were playing their own songs and making like 50 dollars a night," the bassist continues. "Then they realized if they put on lipstick, dressed up, and did Cure songs, so many people would turn up they could make thousands."

So what about the legions of Cure fashion victims who don the image and don't even get paid? Those in smeared-makeup, black-costumed, thrift-store funeral marches around the globe?

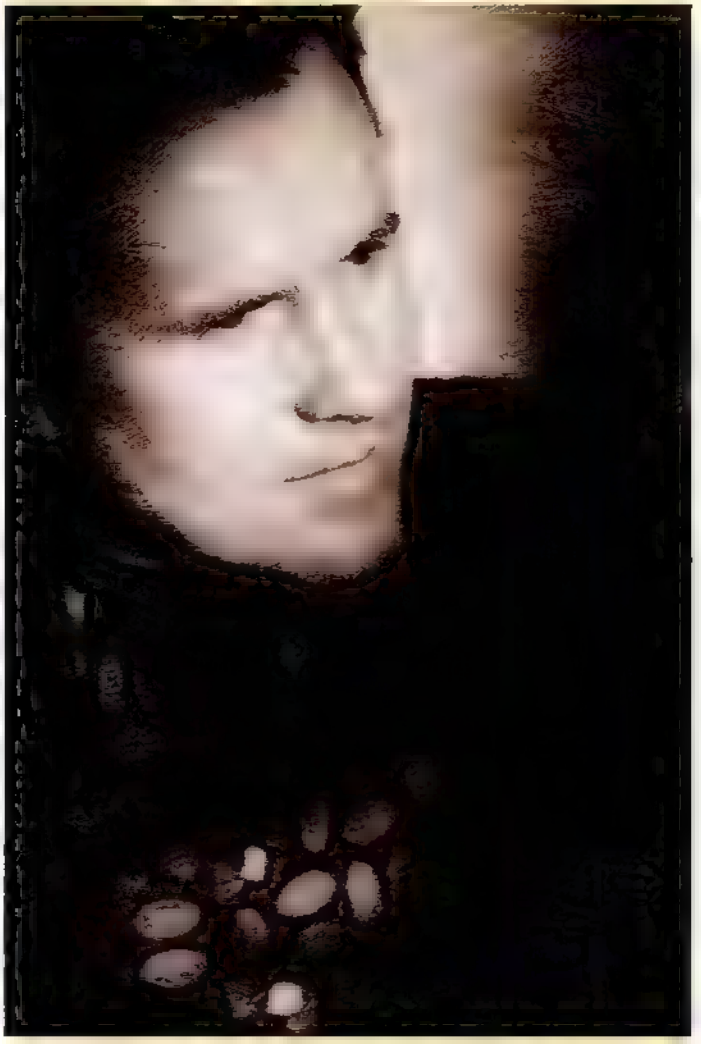
"Well that lot—they all just try to look like Robert," Simon notes. "If Robert drastically changed his image tomorrow, then by the time we did half a dozen shows, there'd be those same people turning up like the new him."

"It's like the thing with the Australian Cure," says Robert. "Every member of the band looks like *me*. That's when it starts to get really dumb. It's not fair, because it perpetuates the idea that I look like however I look for some ulterior motive. It isn't like 'Oh, this look might upset people.' It's whatever I want to look like. When we started, my head was shaved."

Just Like History

The Cure's first album, 1979's *Three Imaginary Boys*, was a sporty, postpunk tune-fest marked by the classic pop jangle of "Boys Don't Cry," the lean, propulsive "Jumping Someone Else's Train," and the eventually controversial "Killing an Arab." *Boys* contained, in seed form, every musical flower Bob Smith would eventually

HOWARD JONES



i n t h e r u n n i n g

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Don't worry, be miserable. The Cure, *from left*: Perry Bamonte, Boris Williams, Robert Smith, Simon Gallup, and Porl Thompson.

produce: dominant, melodic bass lines; whiny, strangulated vocals; and a lyric obsession with existential, almost literary despair. Reference points ranged from French novelist Albert Camus to proto-goth band Joy Division, whose lead singer, Ian Curtis, hanged himself shortly after the album's release.

Subsequent albums tended to emphasize the murk and downplay the melodies, especially angst-fests such as *Seventeen Seconds* and *Faith*. As the level of solipsistic sorrow rose, the tempos slowed to a world-weary plod, and somber waves of synthesizers crashed down where guitars once lifted up. There were bright spots, sure: the playful "The Love Cats," the buoyant "Let's Go to Bed," and the sublime "Just Like Heaven," where Smith's pop instincts got the better of his passionate melancholia. But the whole was a not-quite-joyous celebration of the wonder that is life. Which is part of the music's appeal to a large part of the sensitive suburbanites who make up much of the Cure's American audience.

Things fall apart, the center cannot hold, anarchy is loosed upon the Cure. Founding member Lol Tolhurst—whose lack of actual musical ability was legendary both within and without the band—was finally kicked out of the group after the completion of 1989's *Disintegration*, an album that sounds so much like its title (and deliberately so) that further description would be superfluous;

"People think we are supposed to be the leaders of some sort of 'gloom movement,' " the Cure's Robert Smith says. "I could sit and write gloomy songs all day long, but I just don't see the point."

Robert at that point sincerely felt that the Cure was finished:

"I really thought that after *Disintegration* that would be it. But I suddenly realized what was depressing me was that I was in a group with Lol. He was reflecting all the things I thought were wrong—becoming lazy, indulgent, and useless. My having the courage to actually kick him out of the band was a new lease on life. The same thing with Roger [O'Donnell, keyboardist for two years] quitting. Though at the time it worked, there were a lot of tensions within the group that weren't helping. With him gone as well, it feels like it should have felt years ago."

This fresh feeling of content has Robert and the boys ready to jump back in the running with the

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youngest of the new music youngsters. They find themselves in the odd position of still being considered contemporary, while at the same time acting as heroes/forefathers/legends to new-breed upstarts who were soiling diapers when the Cure was first being discovered. It's easy to spot a marked vitality among the members despite exchanges like this one with Robert:

"Do you find your fans getting younger and younger?"

"No, it's just us getting older and older."

"A lot of the people in the bands you started out with are—"

"Dead."

As for those few contemporaries who are still breathing, Robert finds it "pretty tragic" that many, such as the Buzzcocks, are attempting to bring grave-ridden bands back from the other side. And when Mark and Jim liken the Cure's long-term staying power, its steadily growing young fan base, its strength in America, and stuff like that to Siouxsie and the Banshees' similar success, Smitty is extremely quick to counter:

"They're virtually forgotten here. In most people's minds, the Banshees compromised everything they stood for and have gone all out to sell records in America—everything they always said they wouldn't do. They're virtually living in America. That's fine, but it galls me that they still maintain this 'We're not like other people.' That's bollocks. It upsets me because it's really unnecessary. It's kind of a British thing, really. I suppose we've managed to avoid it so far because we haven't really toured extensively in America. We've always done two months, three months maximum, and then we come home—so we're seen as marauders rather than expatriates."

Kiss Them, Kiss Them, Kiss Them for Me

On the last American tour during the summer of 1989, Robert was brought abruptly face-to-face with the fruits of stateside success. While grateful, he soon found that platinum popularity carried with it unwanted baggage, specifically the near-hysterical idolatry with which he was treated by some of the more recent adolescent converts. On "End," from the new album, he lashes out at those who see him as some kind of savior figure. "Please stop loving me / I am none of these things," he wails to the Los Angeles KROQ teen contingent ("Crying in the sunshine," as SPIN Contributing Editor Jonathan Bernstein puts it).

"Actually, the attention we got in America was really gratifying. It feeds your vanity. It's very difficult to fight it when it's going on, but afterward you think, 'Wait. Is that really me?' It bothers me a lot when people's impressions of me are ridiculous . . . so "End" is partially a way of fighting, saying it isn't really like that. Although the fact of doing the song just sets up another round."

Overall, *Wish* is the work of a band very much in its prime, a band that obviously can't wait to hit the road again and kick it live. The aggressiveness of the new record adds to a general atmosphere of cohesion, and forward-looking almost-optimism that stands in marked contrast to the statements Robert made at the end of that last tour, to the effect that the Cure was over and, at very least, would never tour again.

"It's one of those things, like not making another record, that's genuinely felt at the time. If we've just come off a tour, someone will always say, 'Are you going to do such-and-such next time out?' and I'll be tired and like, 'Man, I'm never touring again.' But, I mean, you say it once offhandedly, and it's repeated a thousand times. And then, what's the point in denying it? Three months later, it's, 'Are you playing?' and I say, 'Well, yeah.' Then people are like, 'But you said you'd never tour again!' I mean, so what? We just feel like touring now."

"If not, maybe we could get the Australian Cure to do the tour for us," suggests Simon.

Happy Days Are Here Again

The walls of the Cure's studio are covered with quotations from Wordsworth, Rilke, and Dickinson—inspiration, you'd have to figure—juxtaposed weirdly with magazine clippings of stuff like the Space Shuttle, Xeroxes of a recent unauthorized Cure comic book (which, brags Smith, "even had me mum in it"), and homemade borderline-pornographic cartoons that make no sense and aren't funny, at least to Americans like Mark and Jim, who've been ushered in for a listen to the nearly finished product.

Most of the new tunes are guitar-propelled, a deliberate move on the part of the band, which wanted songs that would be more effective (and easier to orchestrate) in a live setting. The guitar orientation also stems from the addition of Perry, whose expertise centers more on guitar than on keys. As a result, the music is generally much more upbeat than Cure of recent memory, wallowing less in self-pity and seemingly pointed more toward catharsis than catatonia.

Perry attempts to explain the "graph" he made, plotting the songs along various categories.

"Well, we had on the bottom sort of gloomy, then on top sort of hard, and then pop, and then there's a middle ground with gray areas between hard and pop, and gloomy—well it could be gloomy *and* pop, couldn't it? Gloomy pop? But most sort of settled in between, um, sort of going toward pop . . . ."

"But really hard and gloomy pop," Simon says in clarification.

Along with "Friday I'm in Love," in particular "Doing the Unstuck" stands out of the crowd with a radiant smiley face. So happy, in fact, that it could make the Cure's black pack, ironically enough, sad.

"I wonder if we'll get away with it," ponders Robert. "I think those songs might shock people—possibly even upset them."

But not to worry. No doubt the serious and somber tune-Smith had to suffer to step so shallow.

"Genuinely dumb pop lyrics are much more difficult to write than my usual outpourings through the heart," he confesses. "I went through hundreds of sheets of paper trying to get words for this record. You have to hit something that's not cringing—a simplicity and naïveté that communicates. There's a dumbness that sort of cracks. We've really always done pop songs. It's just sometimes they're way too down—sort of desperate."

Little in Robert's apparent life would seem sufficient fuel for the overriding despondency with which he's afflicted (even though many of his songs are about misbegotten romance, the singer himself has been with the same woman, to whom he's now married, for about 300 years); rather, it's a general malaise, a response to a modern world from which he feels alienated. Like Ray Davies's "20th Century Man" ("I'm a 20th century man, but I don't want to be here. . . ."), Robert Smith is a man out of time.

"It's just very rare to be genuinely happy all the time," he says with a sigh.

But can you be day-to-day happy without being genuinely happy?

"Well, you can be day-to-day numb."

What about day-to-day drunk? You've tried that.

"Yeah, I mean, there are many ways of getting out of it. But happy is a really good feeling. The more avenues you have toward the pursuit of happiness, whether you're following them through choice, or unknowingly, the more interesting your life is. There's really only one way to be miserable—either you are or you aren't."

Strolling through the Manor's kitchen on the way from hearing the album, the writers notice a message from the Cure scrawled on the blackboard by the telephone. "Welcome, journalists from across the pond," it reads. "Get proper jobs." Jim turns to Mark with a mutter: "We will, as soon as they get proper haircuts."

The Cure finds itself in the odd position of still being considered contemporary, while at the same time acting as heroes and legends to new breed upstarts. Smith finds it "pretty tragic" that contemporaries such as the Buzzcocks are attempting to bring grave-ridden bands back from the other side.

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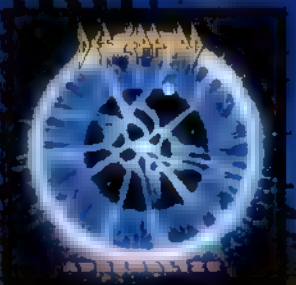

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AIDS

FATAL DISTRACTION

In a deadly conspiracy of silence, the medical establishment is ignoring powerful evidence that HIV doesn't spread sexually, and may in fact be harmless. CELIA FARBER reports.

They call HIV the AIDS virus, and it's this generation's symbol of terror. It has come to rule us, our lives, our relationships, our sexuality. A microscopic dictator. We have erected buildings, organizations, conferences, and global programs in an attempt to placate it. It is a demon, and we worship it with our terror.

But what is *it* really? Do we know that HIV is a deadly virus? Do we know for sure that it causes AIDS? The answer is no. We don't know. The final cause, or causes, of AIDS are not known, and the more you learn about HIV, the less you're inclined to believe that it causes AIDS all by itself. More and more scientists are beginning to question the hypothesis that HIV singlehandedly creates the chaos in the immune system that leads to AIDS. Despite ten years of intensive research, scien-

PHOTO ILLUSTRATION BY EXUM

Editor's Note: This article raises doubt about how HIV spreads sexually but should not be misinterpreted as a suggestion that unprotected sex is not dangerous. SPIN continues to advocate strongly the importance of safe sex in the prevention of AIDS and other sexually transmitted diseases.

tists don't actually *know* whether HIV is any more than one of the signposts of an immune system gone haywire. The fact is, a growing body of data suggests that HIV isn't the culprit.

The electronic media have offered the American public a very simplified, sound-bite version of AIDS and HIV's role in it. In the swirl of disinformation, politics, and rhetoric that has clouded AIDS discourse, several basic and critical facts have been suppressed or ignored.

In 1991, a study published in the medical journal *Fertility and Sterility* addressed a very basic question: Can HIV be found in the semen of HIV-positive men? The results were deeply perplexing. Semen samples of 25 HIV-positive men were studied, and it was discovered that only four showed any trace of HIV. While epidemiological reports indicate quite clearly that AIDS is spread two ways—through blood and semen—the findings cast considerable doubt on the role HIV plays in relation to the disease. The authors of the study acknowledged, in a rather understated way, that " . . . very little information exists regarding [HIV's] prevalence in semen and mechanisms underlying its sexual transmission."

The semen samples were taken from people both with and without AIDS and were tested with a new, hypersensitive technology known as polymerase chain reaction (PCR), which measures the presence of viruses far more accurately than previous methods have. Amazingly, however, similar information about HIV and semen has been available almost since HIV was first isolated back in 1984. Dr. Robert Gallo, a top retrovirologist at the National Cancer Institute (NCI), having pronounced the newly discovered retrovirus HIV as the cause of AIDS, published a paper stating he had found HIV in the semen of two AIDS patients. Curiously, Gallo failed to mention how many patients he had studied and *not* found HIV in. "We don't know how many people he looked for HIV in. He simply reported that he found it in two," says Dr. Robert Root-Bernstein, a professor of physiology at Michigan State University who has spent the past several years scrutinizing the HIV-AIDS data and is becoming one of the leading authorities on AIDS in this country. "In terms of peer review," he says, "it failed utterly and miserably. It's hard to believe what kind of nonscience they got away with."

Another study, reported around the same time as Gallo's, examined the semen of 12 AIDS patients and found HIV in only one. Yet this seemingly startling observation went largely unnoticed, undiscussed, for years. "Those first two papers were the only ones around on HIV in semen for several years, and they were very misleading," says Root-Bernstein. "They made it seem like, 'Well, we looked at these people and clearly HIV is present in the semen and so AIDS can be transmitted by way of semen.' And that's how it was left. The fact is, we still do not know how AIDS is transmitted."

In 1986 through 1988, several more studies were done on HIV in semen, using more accurate testing methods. "What they found," says Root-Bernstein, "was that between 25 and 30 percent of the AIDS patients they looked at had HIV in their semen. But if you read the paper carefully, it turns out they're talking about one to ten 'copies' per ejaculate, or one copy of virus per million units of sperm, which isn't enough to spread an infection. HIV is present to that degree in saliva, breast milk, vaginal fluid—and those are not modes of transmission. You generally need thousands or millions of copies of any virus for it to be infective."

It is premature and unwise to leap to the conclusion that AIDS is not infectious, but certainly this data raises questions about HIV's infectivity. The very question is so taboo that one hesitates to ask it: How *does* HIV transmit, if it's not in semen? Dr. Michael Lange, an infectious disease specialist at St. Luke's–Roosevelt Hospital in New York City, believes that AIDS is transmitted sexually, but is skeptical of HIV's role in the transmission of the disease. "I think there's definitely an infectious agent at work here," Lange says. "I'm not entirely convinced that it's HIV, or that it's *one* agent—it could be a combination. But certainly AIDS is infectious."

We've already been told that HIV isn't spread through any bodily fluids associated with casual contact. And now, we learn that HIV, where it is present in semen, isn't detectable in quantities large enough to be infectious. Something is wrong with this picture. "I've heard," says Root-Bernstein, "that they're pretty concerned about this over at the NIH. I would be, too, if I were them."

Although scientists at the NIH were unavailable for comment, a spokesperson at NIH headquarters says that while two workshops have been held on the question of how HIV transmits, in light of the semen studies, researchers do not feel that the 1991 data is significant. They claim that a 1992 study found HIV in the semen of 28 out of 28 studied.

The study, published by the *Journal of Acquired Immune Deficiency Syndromes*, in fact confirms the 1991 data, if you look closely enough. HIV was not found in 28 out of 28, but rather HIV *antibodies* were found in all of the samples. The actual virus was found in only 7 of the 28, which reflects the 25 percent figure found in the earlier studies .

It's important to distinguish between HIV antibodies—which aren't infectious—and HIV itself. Antibodies are like footprints—evidence that the body has come into contact, at some point, with the virus. Generally, when the body produces antibodies, that means it has neutralized the infection. This is the underlying principle of vaccination, which tricks the body into mass-producing antibodies. The so-called "AIDS test" actually tests for HIV antibodies, not the virus itself—which is difficult and costly to test for and therefore not routinely measured.

Even in patients with full-blown AIDS, HIV is often hard to locate. Studies of AIDS patients have shown, since HIV was isolated in 1984, that only about 50 percent of them have evidence of the virus itself, while 90 percent have antibodies. A good percentage of those who are HIV-positive may not actually have the virus.

Several studies have calculated that it takes between 500 and 1,000 unprotected sexual encounters before an HIV-negative partner seroconverts to HIV-positive. But confusingly, there have also been cases in which people swear they've gotten AIDS from a single sexual act. Although the media favor the dramatic, terror-ridden, Russian roulette model of HIV-AIDS transmission, it is noteworthy that those cases are so rare that we know each victim by name. Alison Gertz, for instance, the young, affluent heterosexual woman who said she caught AIDS from a man she slept with only once, has graced magazine covers across the country. Suddenly, the media were making a tremendous deal out of

Ten years after the first cases appeared, AIDS still remains contained, for the most part, among the initial risk groups.

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Tragically, no study has ever been done to determine what factors, aside from HIV, AIDS patients have in common.

what is in reality a very rare example, while insisting that cases like it were the wave of the future.

How HIV is or isn't spreading has been one of the most inflammatory points of the entire AIDS debate. But by now it seems clear that the "explosion" of heterosexual AIDS is a no-show. A recent flurry of press reports has drummed up hysteria again, saying HIV can now been found in one out of every 250 Americans, suggesting rampant spread. In fact, this figure suggested the opposite, if you do the math. There are 250 million Americans. If 1 in 250 has HIV, that's 1 million people—*less* that the previously predicted figure of 1.5 and 2 million.

Regardless of how many HIV-positive people there are, the number of potential cases of AIDS in the heterosexual community appears to be self-limiting, because unlike most sexually transmitted diseases (STDs), AIDS does not transmit easily in both directions between males and females, therefore inhibiting heterosexual spread. In New York City, for example, adult cases of AIDS in New York City in 1990 as a result of female-to-male transmission totaled one. In 1991, there were none. Since 1981, out of a total of 30,943 men with AIDS in New York, there have been only eleven documented cases of female-to-male transmission.

It's the same in Europe. A recent report in the English medical journal *The Lancet* tested 4,097 women attending pregnancy clinics in London. Only *one* tested positive for HIV who could not be tied to one of the groups most at risk for AIDS, such as hemophiliacs or intravenous drug users. Germany reports a grand total of *four* presumed heterosexual transmissions of HIV not tied to other high-risk behavior since the virus was first tracked.

THE QUESTION OF THE HETEROsexual AIDS explosion has been volleyed back and forth between the two opposing camps—those who say it will happen and those who say it won't—for years, unresolved despite a conclusive body of data that shows AIDS is not erupting among heterosexuals. The vast campaign to convince the heterosexual community that "AIDS does not discriminate" is turning out to be politically correct but factually bankrupt AIDS-speak. Ten years after the first AIDS cases appeared, it still remains contained, for the most part, among the initial risk groups.

Dr. Joseph Sonnabend, a pioneering AIDS researcher and founder of the AIDS Medical Foundation, which became the American Foundation for AIDS Research (AmFAR), walked out on the organization he had started primarily because he refused to participate what he saw as the fraudulent terror campaign. "The AIDS Medical Foundation was sending out this press release saying that nobody is safe, everybody is going to get it—and all that," he recalls. "When I heard this, I totally freaked out. It was all just nonsense. I called them up and said, 'Do you know what's going to happen as a result of what you're doing? You're going to freak out heterosexual men, you're going to destroy relationships, marriages. And another thing, you're going to promote violence against gay men. People are going to say this thing is a plague and it's coming from gay men, and they're going to beat them up at random.' All of which has come true."

At the time, however, AmFAR's then public relations director, Terry Beirn, who has since died of AIDS, was not about to let Sonnabend or anybody else get in the way of the fund-raising that was just getting into full swing. "I couldn't fight Terry," says Sonnabend. "He was very determined. It was pretty clear already then that AIDS was not a significant threat to heterosexuals. He knew that this heterosexual AIDS thing was a hoax, but he said we have to do it to raise money. And certainly, you could argue that unless those heterosexual male politicians in Washington thought that sex could kill, they weren't going to release any money. But my response to that was, if you raise money on a false premise, that money's going to be put to no good. And in fact, that's exactly what happened. The money was raised to protect heterosexual men from a disease they're not going to get anyway. So what have these hundreds of millions of research dollars given us? Nothing. AIDS education? All I see is terror and confusion. And AZT, which is a disaster.

"But on the other hand, I can see the value in supporting this notion of spread, primarily in order to protect women," he adds. "Because women are getting AIDS from men, but men are not getting it from women. And men will only wear condoms if they think they themselves are at risk."

"The only interesting thing about any disease is how to control it," says British epidemiologist Gordon Stewart, who was asked by the World Health Organization (WHO) to write a report on social and behavioral factors in communicable diseases, including AIDS, in 1983. Now retired, Stewart, emeritus professor of public health at the University of Glasgow, has been making statistical projections of AIDS for several years. His projections are based on what the pattern of spread *has been*—not what it *might be* in an imagined worst-case scenario. While projections made by the WHO and other health organizations have been grossly exaggerated, by tens and sometimes hundreds of thousands from what has actually come to pass, Stewart's have been uncannily precise, sometimes off by just a few cases.

"Nobody wants to look at the facts about this disease," says Stewart. "It's the most extraordinary thing I've ever seen. I've sent countless letters to medical journals pointing out the epidemiological discrepancies and they simply ignore them. The fact is, this whole heterosexual AIDS thing is a hoax."

Female prostitutes, the most obvious risk group for any STD, are baffling AIDS researchers. Among American prostitutes, HIV is not spreading, despite studies showing that most of them do not generally use condoms. And even if they had begun to use condoms in recent years, surely cases should have been cropping up from the years before there was any awareness about AIDS. But all the studies with prostitutes conclude the same thing: HIV is primarily found among prostitutes who are also IV-drug users.

Stewart doesn't buy the hype also that AIDS is caused by HIV alone: "It's an unpopular view, but I've always said that AIDS is a behavioral disease. It is multifactorial, brought on by several simultaneous strains on the immune system—drugs, pharmaceutical and recreational, sexually transmitted diseases, multiple viral infections."

AIDS has been lodged in the public's mind as a sexually transmitted disease, above all else. But no other STD behaves this way. Gonorrhea, syphilis, herpes, and genital warts, for instance, all spread rapidly and indiscriminately, and the organisms that cause them are found in abundance in semen.

"Viruses work exponentially," says Dr. Peter Duesberg, a molecular biologist and a central protagonist of the HIV debate since 1987. "Their purpose is to infect as many people as possible in as short a period of time as possible. They rise until they hit a plateau." But HIV's estimated level of spread is the same today as it was in 1985, when it was estimated at around 1 million. According to Duesberg, since it's not spreading exponentially, this suggests another startling possibility: that HIV is not a new virus, it's an old one. Which means it would have been around a lot longer than AIDS has, so, if it causes the disease, why didn't it before?

THE BOHEMIAN SPIRIT.
NOT TOO HARD TO SPOT.
Bohemia
JUDGED THE BEST

WHEN THE FIRST SMALL EXplosion of AIDS cases appeared around 1980, in gay men in New York and San Francisco, it took a few years before anybody really took notice. But as the cases accelerated, interest grew, until finally the new disease became a career-opportunity bandwagon; by 1983, a few key scientists were convinced that the disease was being caused by a deadly, transmissive agent, and they were knocking each other over to find it.

The field of retrovirology took off in 1970 with the discovery of a group of viruses that convert their RNA to DNA by an enzyme called reverse transcriptase. Although retroviruses are common in animals, they had never been known to cause disease in humans before. Robert Gallo, an ambitious retrovirologist from the NCI, had discovered the first human retrovirus in 1980 which he called HTLV-I, and tried to prove caused a certain type of leukemia in Japan. When his theory failed to gain acceptance, Gallo was infuriated. By 1983, he was publishing papers trying to convince his peers that it also caused AIDS.

Gallo, working for the omnipotent National Institutes of Health medical complex, of which NCI is a part, steamrolled his way through the scientific process by way of intimidation, meeting very little resistance on the way. "The whole thing about HTLV-I and AIDS was ridiculous, but nobody would say a word against Bob Gallo," recalls Dr. Sonnabend. "When a few colleagues and I tried to show that HTLV-I was not involved in AIDS, all the journals refused to publish it."

On April 23, 1984, at a packed press conference in Washington D.C., Gallo made his way to the podium through throngs of reporters and TV cameras to make his historic announcement: The cause of AIDS had been found. Bulbs flashed. Cameras clicked furiously. It was a new retrovirus, supposedly isolated in Gallo's lab; he was calling it HTLV-III, to assert that it was a member of the family of so-called leukemia retroviruses he discovered previously.

What Gallo didn't mention was that the same virus had been isolated in France almost a year earlier, and dubbed LAV. The French research team from the Pasteur Institute, headed by Dr. Luc Montagnier, had isolated the virus and sent it to Gallo, asking him to take a look at it. The French were cautious—they were not at all prepared to say that the new virus was the cause of AIDS. All they had was a strong correlation between it and AIDS patients. Most, though not all, AIDS patients had antibodies to the virus. Half of them had detectable live virus. And in the test tube, HIV seemed to be killing T cells, the same immune system cells that were wiped out in AIDS patients. It wasn't, however, killing very *many* cells.

But Gallo was convinced. As an aggressive and notorious contender in the burgeoning new field of retrovirology, Gallo was determined to prove that a retrovirus could cause a fatal disease. Never quite accepted into the top ranks of science, Gallo stalked onto the wide-open scene of AIDS research, determined to settle the score on HTLV-I as well as several other false alarms and scientific setbacks that had characterized his turbulent career. Year after year, he had been trying to acceptance into the prestigious National Academy of Sciences, but with his weak reputation among his peers as a scientist, the Academy kept rejecting him. Now, claiming to have discovered the virus that caused AIDS, Gallo's moment appeared to have arrived.

In her introductory speech, Margaret Heckler, then secretary of health and human services, mentioned "other discoveries . . . in different parts of the world," but the gold medal belonged to America. "Today we add another miracle to the long honor roll of American medicine and science," she said, smiling for the cameras, Gallo at her side. Then she made the next great claim. The discovery of the virus, she promised, would launch the development of a vaccine against AIDS that would be available by 1986.

Dr. Sonnabend remembers the period following Gallo's announcement well. It quickly became clear to him, as well as to many scientists, that what Gallo was claiming as his own discovery was really the virus that the French had discovered. "I remember feeling sick to my stomach," says Sonnabend, "I wanted to protest, but all my colleagues told me to just keep quiet. And none of the science reporters seemed to see what was going on." Pictures later released of Gallo's HTLV-III were identical to pictures of Montagnier's LAV, and the only way they could have been iden-

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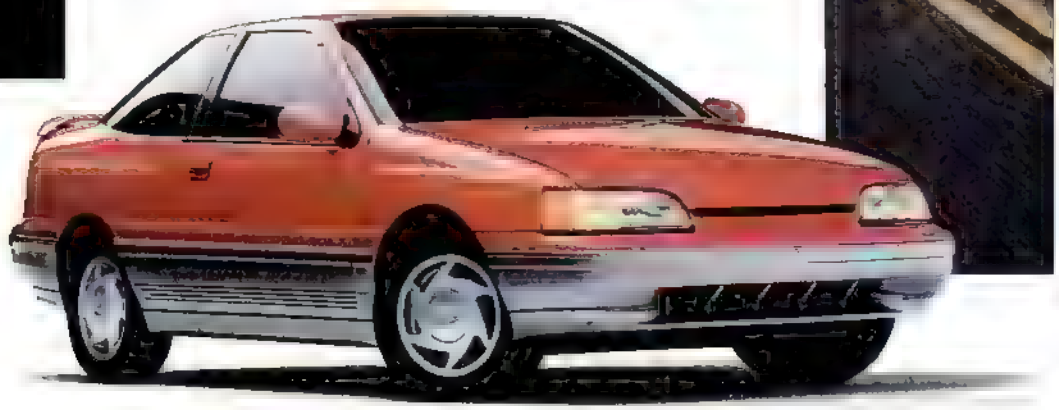

Hyundai. Yes, Hyundai.

Virtually every scientist working in the field of AIDS believes that HIV is the cause, and yet nobody can cite a single *reference* from a body of scientific data that leads them to conclude that that is true.

tical is if they came from the same patient.

Montagnier had actually sent LAV samples to Gallo twice. The second time, in September of 1983, he also sent a contract stating that the American lab could not use the samples for commercial interests. The very same day that the press conference was held in Washington, a U.S. patent was filed on an HIV test kit developed by Gallo. The market for AIDS testing kits was estimated at $100 million per year.

A war erupted. The French government sued the American government for the rights to the patent and credit for the discovery of the virus that would eventually be named HIV, or human immunodeficiency virus. The whole affair was quieted down very quickly; U.S. President Ronald Reagan and French prime minister Jacques Chirac intervened and forged an agreement. The two countries would share proceeds from HIV testing, and each scientist, Montagnier and Gallo, would be credited as "codiscoverer" of HIV.

In retrospect, that HIV was the cause of AIDS was certainly far from conclusively proven. But at the time, given the pressure, the intensity, the public fear, the newness of it all, and the glory of the new discovery, the American scientific community settled for less. The announcement was made. An industry was born. A whole generation of retrovirologists was suddenly given its raison d'être.

"Gallo was certainly committing open and blatant scientific fraud," Sonnabend says. "But the point is not to focus on Gallo. It's us—all of us in the scientific community, we let him get away with it. None of this was hidden. It was all out in the open but nobody would say a word against Gallo. It had a lot to do with patriotism—the idea that this great discovery was made by an American."

Dr. Lange echoes the regret of many practicing AIDS physicians. "I was far from convinced by the data they had then and I'm still not convinced," he says. "We were all forced into a very dogmatic and simplistic view of what caused AIDS. Today, I think even the greatest propo-

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nents of HIV no longer believe that it does all that damage to the immune system by itself. There have to be other factors involved. And because of the HIV hypothesis, there's been little or no research done on what those other factors may be."

"I was very upset," Lange continues. "The cause of AIDS was discovered by government fiat. I had been working with the Pasteur Institute for six months, but then that announcement was made at the press conference. As far as I'm concerned, from that point on AIDS research turned into seedy, criminal politics, and it remained that way."

Dr. Kary Mullis, a biochemist and the inventor of PCR, shakes his head. "Why they did it," he says, "I cannot figure out. Nobody in their right mind would jump into this thing like they did. The secretary of health just announcing to the world like that that this man Robert Gallo, wearing those dark sunglasses, had found the cause of AIDS. It had nothing to do with any well-considered science. There were some people who had AIDS and some of them had HIV—not even all of them. So they had a correlation. So what?"

IT WAS IN 1987 THAT MOLECULAR BIOlogist Peter Duesberg launched his first blistering attack on the HIV-AIDS theory in the journal *Cancer Research*. Duesberg, a world-renowned scientist and longstanding member of the National Academy of Sciences, was in an ideal position to take a crack at AIDS. He had discovered oncogenes (cancer-causing genes), and had helped map the genetic structure of retroviruses. Even Gallo boasted that his then friend and colleague Duesberg "knows more about retroviruses than any man alive." Duesberg was one of only 23 scientists in the country deemed worthy of the prestigious NIH "Outstanding Investigator Grant" which specifies that the recipient "venture into new territory," "conduct high-risk research," and "ask creative questions."

Well, Duesberg did. He asked how HIV, a latent, inactive retrovirus, could kill billions of cells when it infected only a few. How could it cause a deadly disease when it could barely be isolated in patients even in the last stages of the disease? How could there be AIDS patients with no trace of HIV? And why wasn't there an animal model for HIV—in other words, when HIV was injected into test animals, why didn't they get AIDS?

Duesberg read every single paper written on AIDS and HIV, and spent nine months writing his paper for *Cancer Research*, in which he concluded that HIV, far from being a deadly virus, is harmless. "I wouldn't mind being injected with that virus," he stated flatly. "It's harmless."

At first there was silence, a kind of stunned, embarrassed silence. Gallo, when asked by a few journalists and the odd medical journal editor, to respond to Duesberg's criticisms of his theory, simply blustered that his claims were too ridiculous to waste precious time answering. The rest of the scientific community followed suit and simply ignored Duesberg.

At the time, the notion that HIV was the undisputed cause of AIDS was so entrenched that Duesberg seemed to come out of nowhere, like some kamikaze pilot smashing into the side of a building. The first reaction to him was shock, followed by anger, perhaps some pity. Here was a brilliant, respected scientist, just a breath away from a Nobel for his discovery of oncogenes, who suddenly and inexplicably went off his rocker. And yet however hard his detractors tried, they couldn't quite dismiss the fact that Duesberg is one of the world's foremost authorities on retroviruses. Duesberg was known as a "troublemaker"; in the '70s, after discovering viral oncogenes, he turned around and said that another type, cellular oncogenes, couldn't cause cancer. So this was not the first but the second time he was raining on the parade—sawing off the branch both he and his colleagues were sitting on.

It didn't take long before he was excommunicated: He was no longer invited to speak at scientific conferences, or if he was, he was asked to promise not to bring up HIV. For the first time in his 25-odd years of practicing science, he could not get papers published. Then came the death blow: In October 1990, Duesberg was informed that his $350,000-a-year research grant would be terminated when it ran out in 1992. Duesberg, a native German, had been funded by the U.S. government for over 20 years, but with this, he would be effectively silenced. He appealed the decision, pleading conflict of interest: The review committee that made the decision to discontinue his funding included Dr. Flossie Wong Staal, Gallo's longtime mistress and the mother of one of his children, and Dr. Dani Bolognesi, who holds a long-term patent on HIV antibody tests. The appeal was rejected, although a few government officials have rallied to Duesberg's defense, among them congressmen Ron Dellums and William Dannemeyer.

For years, the AIDS research establishment has kept a lid on the controversy by throwing the same old bone to those who questioned. It was a nonanswer, to say the least: Every "thinking scientist," they assured us, is convinced that HIV is the cause of AIDS.

This is hardly true. In the past year, a group of over 40 scientists, including a number of eminent retrovirologists, epidemiologists, and immunologists, have banded together to form a coalition that calls itself the Group for the Scientific Reappraisal of the HIV-AIDS Hypothesis. Founded by Harvard biologist Dr. Charles A. Thomas, Jr., who has been following the debate since 1987, when Duesberg's first paper was published, the group's purpose is to ensure that the question of what causes AIDS is opened to scientific debate and held up to critical scrutiny. Asked what inspired him to put the group together, Dr. Thomas said, "I feel that for scientists to remain silent in the face of all this doubt is tantamount to criminal negligence."

By 1990, even Dr. Luc Montagnier, the French discoverer of HIV, had backed away from the notion that HIV alone causes AIDS. Montagnier stunned his colleagues at the International AIDS Conference in San Francisco in 1990, when he announced that HIV could not cause AIDS without a cofactor. He proposed as a cofactor a bacterial agent known as mycoplasma,

which Dr. Shyh-Ching Lo of the U.S. Armed Forces Institute of Pathology discovered causes AIDS-like disease and death when injected into monkeys. Montagnier's brief presentation was met with outbursts of anger from his American collegues in the audience. He left the conference early and flew back to Paris.

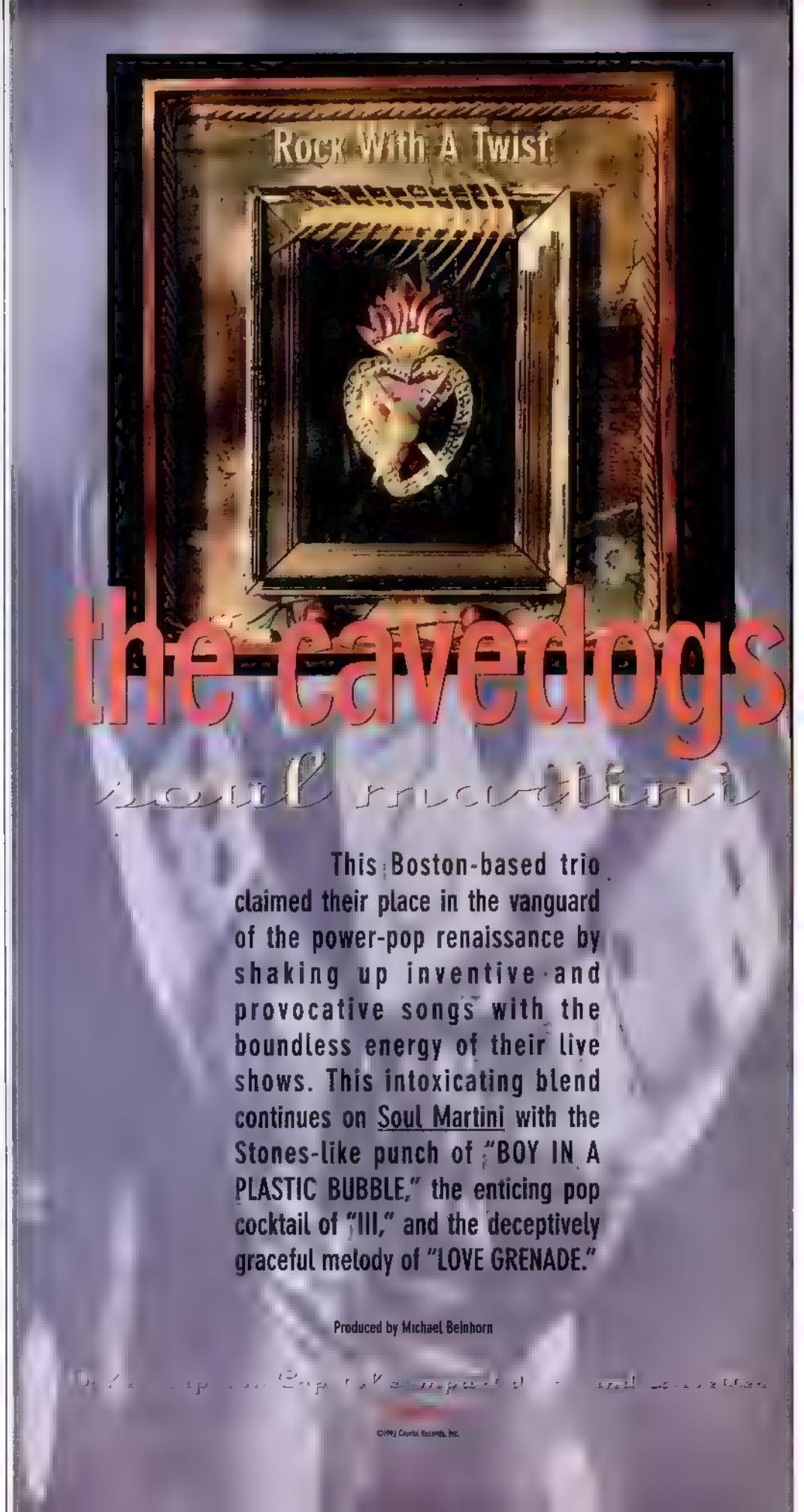
Last year, John Maddox, the editor of one of the world's top science journals, *Nature*, sent shockwaves through the scientific communities in both the United States and Great Britain when he wrote an editorial essentially apologizing for not having given more credence to Duesberg's views. What prompted him, among other things, was a study that showed that mice, when injected with their own lymphocytes (immune system cells, of which T cells are one class), may test positive for HIV antibodies despite never having been exposed to HIV. Maddox wrote, "Now there is some evidence to support [Duesberg's] long fight against the establishment (among which, sadly, he counts this journal)." He concluded his piece, which speculated that AIDS could be an autoimmune disorder, by saying that although he by no means feels that HIV is irrelevant to AIDS, the new research proves that AIDS is infinitely more complex than the original theory proposed. "Duesberg will be saying, 'I told you so,' " he wrote. The editorial was met with shock and outrage, and Maddox printed a partial retraction the next month , reassuring the scientific community that he was not saying he agreed with Duesberg about HIV, but that, as he said in a subsequent interview, there was more to AIDS than "the baby-talk stories we've all been fed for years."

Flash forward: A federal investigation on Gallo has been going on for almost three years. Back in 1989, in the *Chicago Tribune*, investigative reporter John Crewdsen revealed in merciless detail how Gallo allegedly took as his own the virus sent to his lab by Montagnier, thereby explaining how they both independently discovered identical viruses.

On March 1 of this year, the *New York Times* reported on an internal NIH investigation which concluded that discrepancies in Gallo's 1984 paper printed in the prestigious journal *Science*—one of four Gallo published around the same time on how HIV causes AIDS—stemmed from "misrepresentations or falsifications." Now, Gallo having already admitted that he may have mistakenly contaminated his own samples with Montagnier's (the other possibility, still under investigation, is that Gallo stole the virus outright), the French government is demanding full recognition for the discovery of the virus, and suing the United States for the approximately $20 million the U.S. has received from royalties on HIV testing kits, as well as the several hundred thousand dollars in royalties that Dr. Gallo has received personally.

Peter Duesberg shrugs. "To me that whole affair is just a story of who stole whose fake diamonds," he says. "The point that everybody is missing is that all of those original papers, Gallo wrote on HIV have been found fraudulent. Well, then, that throws into question the entire HIV hypothesis, doesn't it? The HIV hypothesis was *based* on those papers."

continued on page 84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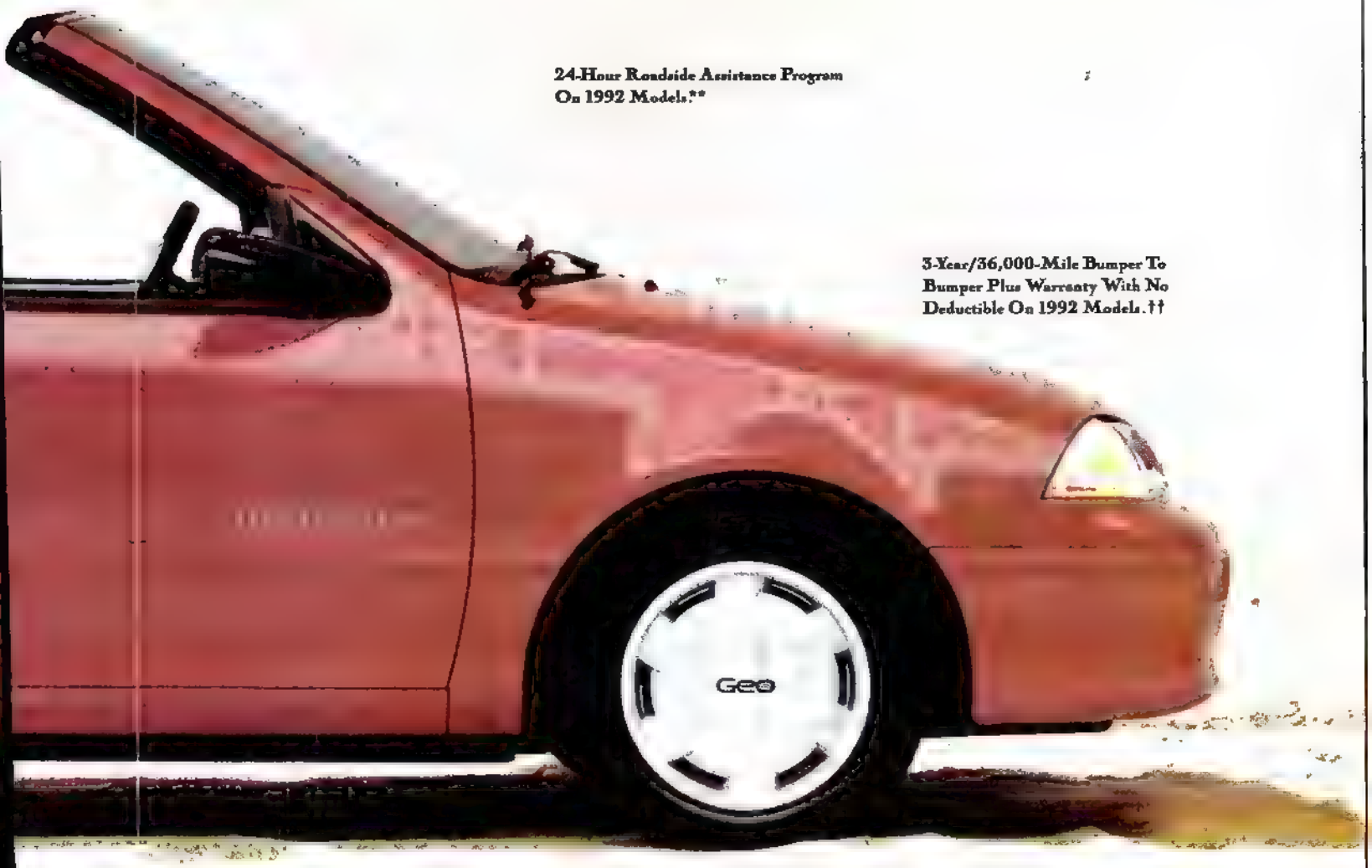

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YOUR VOTES COUNTED

Well, we asked for it. We were swamped. Sacks of mail poured in. Harassed postal operatives risked hernias, stressed-out SPIN tabulators braved eyestrain to bring you a poll that's utterly predictable—to quote the winner of the catchphrase category—*not!*

If they prove nothing else, the findings of the poll confirm and doubly emphasize the conviction often expressed in these pages: that the alternative is now the mainstream. You voted for names that began in margins and which now fill marquees. From our midyear vantage point, a first glance at Nirvana's triple whammy here may not elicit many double takes, but think back a year, even six months. Perhaps Jeane Dixon would have confidently predicted a skanky, skronky Seattle trio would give birth to a generation-defining anthem and a three-million-selling No. 1 album, but few others of us earthbound types would have predicted the band would achieve *that* much impact, *that* fast. Small surprise that R.E.M. lined up with Nirvana as joint three-time winners, but let it not go unnoticed that the year of R.E.M.'s greatest commercial success came with an album notable for acutely failing to pander to mass appeal. The only eyebrow-raiser in the entire enterprise is the winner in the Best Female Singer category. Otherwise, the "alternative" consensus held sway.

(For each category, we have listed only those artists, groups, or phenomena receiving a significant number of votes. Percentages represent the relative proportions of votes among the top group, rather than percentages of total votes cast.)

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MUSIC

BEST ARTIST

Perry Farrell	49.3%
R.E.M.	21.6%
Nirvana	14.3%
Metallica	7.9%
U2	6.9%

Perry Farrell has a clear case of what we have come to refer to as Johnny Rotten Syndrome. Deified, elevated to a pedestal, venerated as a morally superior maverick. Of course, expectations are raised higher than the sun during the void between the dissolution of his old project and the genesis of his next one. Then his band puts a new record out.

BEST ALBUM

Nevermind, Nirvana	37.6%
Out of Time, R.E.M	25.1%
Achtung Baby, U2	19.2%
Use Your Illusion II, Guns N' Roses	9.8%
Blood Sugar Sex Magik, Red Hot Chili Peppers	8.3%

Okay, *Nevermind* pretty much coasted on the single (what we have come to refer to as the Sinéad Syndrome) but still, when was the last time buying an album felt like entering into a conspiracy to subvert the norm?

BEST SINGLE

"Smells Like Teen Spirit," Nirvana	72.3%
"Losing My Religion," R.E.M.	18.9%
"Give It Away," Red Hot Chili Peppers	4.9%
"Enter Sandman," Metallica	3.9%

Anyone who whined, a) "I don't understand the words," or b) "It sounds like Boston's 'More Than a Feeling,' " pretty much signed his or her own death certificate in regard to this one.

BEST VIDEO

"Losing My Religion," R.E.M.	43.4%
"Smells Like Teen Spirit," Nirvana	29.4%
"Give It Away," Red Hot Chili Peppers	11.7%
"The Unforgiven," Metallica	10.2%
"Been Caught Stealing," Jane's Addiction	5.3%

BEST BAND

R.E.M.	38.0%
Nirvana	22.1%
Jane's Addiction	14.1%
Red Hot Chili Peppers	13.2%
U2	11.6%

BEST NEWCOMER

Nirvana	61.2%
Pearl Jam	16.5%
Smashing Pumpkins	11.2%
Ned's Atomic Dustbin	8.9%
Teenage Fanclub	2.2%

When your initial impact is this massive, what do you do to prevent the rest of your career from becoming an anticlimax? Break up?

WORST OLD-TIMER

Michael Jackson	33.6%
Mick Jagger	23.9%
Rod Stewart	19.7%
Phil Collins	12.4%
Bob Dylan	10.4%

Sure, *Dangerous* failed to thrill, but Mike's main crime was to saturate every medium during a time when unabashed hype was out of style, when Nirvana, Garth Brooks, and Ice Cube were hitting big without the benefit of AOR radio play or, in some cases, videos.

BEST MALE SINGER

Michael Stipe	34.3%
Bono	19.3%
Perry Farrell	15.9%
Chris Cornell	15.6%
Morrissey	14.9%

Mucous sufferers get a standard-bearer.

BEST FEMALE SINGER

Mariah Carey	34.6%
Sinéad O'Connor	33.7%
Kate Pierson, Siouxsie Sioux	11.5%
Madonna	9.6%

Surely Mariah Carey must be some mistake. Not a word against this canary and her repertoire of songs only dogs can hear, but her porcelain pipes, Stipe's whine, and Cobain's bellow make strange bedfellows. Guess her "Suffered from alienation" line struck a chord.

BEST RAP GROUP

Public Enemy	69.7%
A Tribe Called Quest	12.5%
N.W.A	9.2%
De La Soul	8.6%

BEST RAPPER

Ice-T	44.7%
Chuck D	22.1%
L.L. Cool J	19.7%
Ice Cube	13.5%

BEST LIVE ACT

Jane's Addiction	51.6%
Red Hot Chili Peppers	21.0%
Nirvana	16.6%
Metallica	10.8%

BIGGEST CELEBRITY SELLOUT

Hammer 57.8%
Michael Jackson 13.8%
Madonna 11.1%
Guns N' Roses 9.0%
R.E.M. 8.3%

MOST PRINCIPLED PERSON

Sinéad O'Connor 38.8%
Michael Stipe 32.8%
Ian MacKaye 28.4%

OTHER MEDIA

BEST MOVIE

The Silence of the Lambs 52.5%
Terminator 2: Judgment Day 22.1%
JFK 17.9%
Thelma & Louise 7.5%

BEST ACTOR

Robert De Niro 53.7%
Anthony Hopkins 29.0%
Kevin Costner 17.3%

BEST ACTRESS

Jodie Foster 77.6%
Julia Roberts .. 7.9%
Susan Sarandon 7.9%
Linda Hamilton 6.6%

Jodie Foster's landslide victory was the largest of the entire poll. No other actress got within spitting distance. What's up? Didn't you people see *Don't Tell Mom the Babysitter's Dead*?

BEST TV SHOW

Northern Exposure . . 41.9%
The Simpsons 23.1%
In Living Color 13.8%
Saturday Night Live 13.6%
Seinfeld 7.6%

So *Fish Police* shot over your heads, huh?

BEST TV PERSONALITY

David Letterman 59.1%
Jerry Seinfeld 13.4%
"Al Bundy" 9.8%
Arsenio Hall 9.8%
Candice Bergen 7.9%

BEST AUTHOR

Stephen King 65.2%
Anne Rice 17.8%
Douglas Coupland 8.5%
Dean R. Koontz 8.5%

BEST COMMERCIAL

Pepsi (with Cindy Crawford) 54.4%
Energizer Rabbit 23.7%
Little Caesar's 21.9%

Great cinematography, compelling use of light and shade, and very effective editing.

BIGGEST MEDIA SPECTACLE

Gulf War 56.7%
Clarence Thomas/Anita Hill Supreme Court hearings 23.3%
William Kennedy Smith trial 20.0%

SIGNS O' THE TIMES

BEST CATCH-PHRASE

"No!" 77.3%
"Down wit' O.R.R" 22.7%

Was "I'm too sexy" too long to remember?

THE VOICE OF A GENERATION

Perry Farrell 49.2%
Michael Stipe 18.6%
"Magic" Johnson 16.1%
Kurt Cobain. 16.1%

FAVORITE PASTIME

Music 36.0%
Sex 33.9%
Drinking 16.5%
Pot Smoking .. 13.6%

continued on page 91

PHOTOMONTAGE BY MIRIAM FISHMAN

Tripping out on a sure thing, Pearl Jam cooks up a special blend of rock'n'roll. LAUREN SPENCER performs a taste test.

we've got a feeling

All you can see is a pair of high-top Converse sneakers twitching back and forth on the floor. The sneakers are connected to a guy who's laid out on the stage flat on his back, his face obscured by this dude crouched over him. The man on top has his face nuzzled really close to the other guy's neck. It almost looks like he's licking his ear or something. The sneakers are going double-time, and eventually the guy on top gets off, apparently having accomplished his task. On his face, a look of satisfaction.

Too-sexy male bonding? Not quite. Just a personal message from Pearl Jam vocalist Eddie Vedder to an overzealous fan in London, whose determined stage-diving has caused several heads to get kicked down in the front. That kind of thing makes Vedder mad. So when the unthinking schlemiel hurls himself onstage for another go, Vedder takes it upon himself to explain the situation in a close-up and intimate way. After it's over, the red-faced fan disappears back into the 900-capacity sweat-drenched audience, and that's the last we see of him. Bassist Jeff Ament, guitarists Stone Gossard and Mike McCready, and drummer Dave Abbruzzese are pretty amused.

"I didn't know what was going on—if Eddie was making out with the guy or what," says Ament with a laugh, after the show, removing the Ace bandages he wears on his right leg to protect it from swelling up like a watermelon during his athletic stage performance. "But he got his point across."

"Stage-diving doesn't bother me," adds Vedder. "It's just when there's one pair of boots that keeps getting someone in the head, that's a drag. I spent a lot of time in the Chili Peppers pit when we were touring with them. It's tough down there."

And getting tougher all the time: As of this writing, Pearl Jam's audience is multiplying faster than bunnies. This European headlining tour was booked a bit prematurely—before the explosion of popularity the band has experienced since its release *Ten* hit the streets last year. There's a sort of manic panic in the air, causing the 400-to-900-capacity clubs to turn into giant sweaty, pulpy, moshing yucks.

It's all-consuming, this ravenous interest in a band that, seemingly new to the scene, is asked to spin the tale of its trip over and over again. The guys are getting a little sick of telling that story, but as Ament points out over a Dutch brunch in Groningen, Holland, "You feel responsible when it's your first time in the country. People want to at least hear our background. But the next time we come to these cities we'll still have the same story."

So what's the story? In 1985, Jeff Ament, a 22-year-old basketball fanatic from Havre, Montana, hooked up with fellow sports lover Stone Gossard and Seattle locals Mark Arm and Steve Turner to form the grunge-forefather band Green River. Conceptual differences led to an inevitable split—Arm grabbed Turner to form Mudhoney, while Gossard and Ament met up with singer Andrew Wood to create Mother Love Bone. The story of Wood's overdose on the eve of Mother Love Bone's first major-label debut became legendary.

Enter 1991 and Temple of the Dog, a side project with Soundgarden's Chris Cornell and Matt Cameron to embrace the memory of Wood and bring home the fact that Stone and Ament are still very much into playing music. They're joined in the Temple by guitarist Mike

VERA CLUB IN GRONINGEN: 450 FANS WAVE HELLO TO PEARL JAM.

PEARL JAM-ETTES SIGN POLAROID.

ROAD MANAGER ERIC JOHNSON IN SEARCH OF A DECENT MEAL.

BE VERY AFRAID.

ME, STONE, ERIC, JEFF, EDDIE'S BRO JASON, EPIC A+R GUY MICHAEL GOLDSTONE, AND EDDIE.

APPROACHING THE MAINLAND, DAVE ABBRUZZESE + ME.

A FEW OF JEFF'S FAVORITE THINGS-- ONSTAGE INSPIRATION.

EDDIE PONDERS THE WONDERS OF LINDA'S NEW TATTOO -- THE PEARL JAM STICK FIGURE.

THE VERA CROWD GIVES EDDIE REASON TO FLY.

McCready. That spring a Chicago-by-way-of-San-Diego young surf dude named Eddie Vedder received a tape of three instrumental pieces from Ament and Stone through ex–Red Hot Chili Pepper, current Eleven member Jack Irons, who'd declined the offer of the job of drummer but had suggested Vedder for vox duties. Vedder, who at the time was pumping gas at a local station, was blown away by the songs. While catching some early morning waves he wrote the lyrics in his head, went back to the shack he was living in, sang them into the tape recorder, and sent off the tape to the boys up north. It moved them, they called, and Vedder went. There's a rumor that the band's called Pearl Jam because Vedder's great grandmother, Pearl, made a hallucinogenic preserve—that would be jam—but no one has the recipe. Believe what you want—if nothing else it's a great story.

By the way, these guys are based in Seattle—a piece of American real estate that's gotten a hell of a lot of attention in the last year because of the noise pouring out of it. Even though millions of tons of rain fall on the Northwest yearly, the music there is anything but soggy. Escaping the wetness on this tour, the Pearl Jammers are finding that they don't really have much time to check out the terrain. As it is, they're being kept pretty busy telling that damn story for interviews.

"Next tour, I think things will be done a little differently. I'd just like to be able to enjoy the band and the city we're in," says Ament, helping the locals play spot-the-tourist by knocking over a wine cooler in the restaurant.

Vedder ignores the clatter, and adds, "It's, like, if you do get any time to walk around the city, then that night onstage you feel like you're really playing to the people who live there."

So far most of the people they've made real contact with have been diving off their stage during shows. And it's gotten out of control.

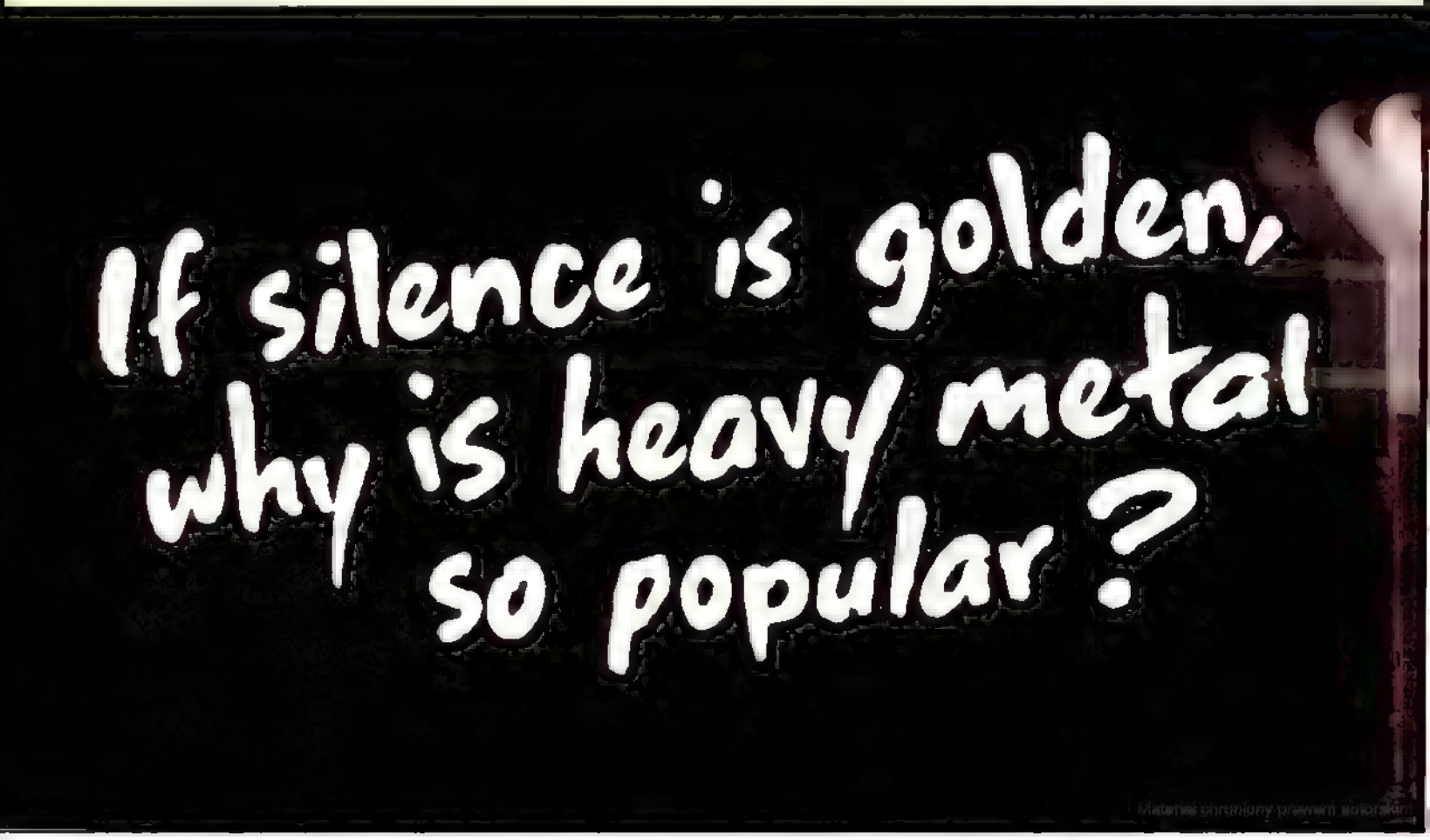
"There was one club in Italy that was totally over the top," says Gossard. "People were balancing on speakers, just wobbling back and forth. What goes through your mind is 'Lets get this over with.' "

"The problem is that you can't concentrate on the music and just let go," says Vedder. "Which is why it's kind of a drag to have to stop people from stage-diving. But they just keep piling up and you can't let loose."

PEARL JAM AND THEIR EURO-VAN. (FROM LEFT) STONE, EDDIE, JEFF, DAVE, AND MIKE McCREADY.

PEARL JAM FANS SEEM TO HAVE NO PROBLEM LOSING themselves in the music, resulting in a kind of cathartic abandon that has been missing from a lot of prefab shows these days. The instruments ebb and flow around a bluntly emotive set of vocal pipes that spew forth lyrics about child abuse, loss, and insanity. Amazingly, these musical tales are not morbid drones, but instead, somehow hopeful messages. Ament has described it: "Eddie's lyrics take you to an open window, and just when you've got one foot out on the ledge, it's our job to bring you back in to celebrate."

The reality is that during shows, Vedder literally goes out on a ledge—and onto lighting fixtures, speaker platforms, and water pipes. Anything he



can get his grip around becomes a jungle gym. This endeavor is, of course, contingent on a huge amount of trust for the audience below. If Vedder drops from a 30-foot light fixture near the ceiling, as he is wont to do, the waiting hands in the pit better break his fall. And although he's suffered his share of scrapes and bruises, Eddie hasn't been let down yet. Pure adrenal-junkie action. "I totally get an adrenaline rush when I'm doing that stuff," he confirms. "There was one time I was completely nauseous when I got back onstage."

Some people think he's insane or has a death wish. Or that it's just an act. But when Vedder gets that look in his eye, it's as if he's driven—he's out there and ain't no way he's coming back until all possibilities to push the envelope are played out. Another special something Vedder does has been dubbed "crowd surfing." The band jams hard onstage—Ament sprints back and forth as Gossard, McCready, and Abbruzzese groove on an unspoken wavelength. Then Vedder dives headfirst into the crowd and kind of swims on his stomach on the sea of hands as far back as the audience will take him. During New York's Roseland Ballroom show, he made it all the way to the rear wall, then was passed back to the stage. All with a little help from 3,500 of his friends.

It seems pure, but there are some critics of the band who've dismissed what they do as arena-rock staging, and there are still others who feel that what might be called the Seattle sound has been sullied by the rise of Pearl Jam's style of music into the mainstream (not to insult the reader's intelligence by suggesting that all music coming from Seattle sounds the same).

Call it the N-factor, if you will, but there is no doubt that the world has finally made room for bands that as little as a year ago would have been relegated to alternative-college chart status. The universe is changing, and that's a very good thing. Pearl Jam has a gold record to show for it.

"I'm still waiting for that fax that tells us we're rock stars," says McCready, laughing.

"I think more than anything it caught us off guard," says Ament.

"It makes us really happy to find out that Soundgarden got their gold album too," adds Vedder. "It means that 500,000 people heard some really good songs. You could say that about ours as well."

"The weird thing is that now there are people who act like they can't believe we go out and walk around in public," says a baffled Gossard.

IN EUROPE, PEARL JAM'S FANS COME OUT OF THE woodwork, and a sure sign of their passion is the recurring appearance of the stick man. A little guy with outstretched arms and a big smile, he's the stick-figure logo that's become a sort of trademark for the band.

London's show is a teeming sweaty mass of people pressed against the stage. Road manager Eric Johnson is watching from the side as the security dudes pull people out of the pit hand over fist. One girl who's pulled out sits down in front of Vedder as he sings "Black" to her. It becomes hard to tell if she's overcome by the heat or by the emotion, but when the show's over, she thanks him for giving the little stick man, who's painted on her shoe, a chance to see.

Then there's Linda, one of a group of five girls from Leiden, Holland, who's driven hours to Groningen to be at the sound check. When Pearl Jam comes over to say hi, she shows them her shoulder that has just gotten some fresh ink—a tattoo of the little stick dude. Vedder looks a bit freaked. "I feel kind of responsible when I see someone with that tattoo," he says. "Like, I have to live up to something they're gonna carry with them for their whole lives. It's a little scary."

But Ament adds, "They made the choice. It's weird for me since those are sketches I made a while ago as a sort of self-portrait and now they're on people's bodies."

That some fans are willing to scar themselves with a Pearl Jam logo is testimony that they feel a real connection to the band. Mostly because the band gives it right back to them. Particularly Vedder, who is most proud of his collection of Polaroids from each night's show. He snatches souls on film at the end of every set, and the crowd literally climbs all over each other to have them taken. The weirdest shots are the ones where the audience is steaming, the pictures come out ghostly from the moisture rising off the bodies, the faces shining in an almost hallucinogenic happy-trance.

Maybe Great Grandma Pearl's jam really exists after all.

And maybe these guys *do* have the recipe.

POLAROIDS BY LAUREN SPENCER

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Its smooth, draft taste is Dry Brewed, not watered down. To drink light, yet satisfy completely. For refreshment that's beyond question.
BUDWEISER
KNOW WHEN TO SAY WHEN

AMERICAN PIE

The kids are alright.

America is the world in microcosm, its citizens descended from a wide spectrum of ethnicities. The youngest patriots? They buy American. They dress American. They eat, drive, and work American. These consumers of the American dream believe the homogenized gospel of television, as well as the lessons taught by their immigrant forebears.

Yet, despite the aspirations of today's youth, the American dream has never been further out of reach. Still, the members of the newest generation are hard workers, willing to fight for their beliefs and to defend their peers. Most important, they believe they will overcome. They may well be the latest crop of pioneers, staking their territorial claim in the new wild West: urban America.

All the clothing on these and the following pages is designed, manufactured, and worn by Americans. *This page, far left,* GARY—Harley-Davidson vest, Levi's jacket, Russell Athletic T-shirt from L.L. Bean; *left,* PATRIC—Harley-Davidson jacket, Stüssy T-shirt and hat. *Opposite page,* KIMARA—Levi's jacket, Stüssy shorts.

Materiał chroniony prawem autorskim

This page, left to right, KIMARA—Champion sweatshirt; JESSE—Champion turtleneck, Levi's jacket; GARY—Champion sweatshirt, Stüssy T-shirt; GEANE—Fruit of the Loom tank top, Carhartt overalls, Woolrich mock neck (around waist); PATRICK—Gap T-shirt, Harley-Davidson vest, Champion sweatpants, apron from Screaming Mimi's. *Opposite page, left to right,* JESSE—Woolrich hat, Champion sweatshirt, Woolrich jacket, Levi's jeans, Timberland boots; MIKE—Fruit of the Loom T-shirt; Carhartt shirt, Levi's jacket, Harley-Davidson vest, Gap pants; TONY—Champion turtleneck, Carhartt jacket, Levi's jeans, Converse sneakers; KIMARA—Carhartt jacket; Levi's jacket, Levi's jeans, socks by E.G. Smith Socks, Merrell boots from L.L. Bean; MICHAEL—Roman hat, Champion sweatshirt, Carhartt jacket; Woolrich corduroys, Harley-Davidson boots; ANDREA—Champion sweatshirt, Woolrich jacket, Levi's jeans, Harley-Davidson boots.

Photographer: Aida Resal · Hair and makeup: Jee J. Simon · Models/Agencies: Gary, Geane, Michael/Bethann; Kimara/It; Andrea/Click; Jesse Pais, Mike Jones, Tony Cruz · Cutting-room floor: Dagan Ryan · Lunch and locations: Lysa Cooper and Chris Truesdale.

Material chroniony prawem autorskim

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TEQUILA
PRODUCT OF
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Authentic. Aged in oak barrels. Naturally gold.
No caramel color. For over one hundred years.
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ANTIHERO

Is any political issue in the United States more intensely personal than the question of abortion? ANN MAGNUSON and HENRY ROLLINS speak out for SPIN. And the candidates speak for themselves.

PHOTO BY LENN PRINCE, ILLUSTRATION BY LISA DESIMONE

ANN MAGNUSON:

Even if you did watch the now-defunct TV sitcom *Anything but Love*, you might have missed the episode in which my character, the eccentric magazine editrix Catherine Hughes, had an abortion. The episode wasn't about Catherine's abortion, but toward the end, sandwiched between the male-bonding jokes and Marty and Hannah's kissy-face sessions, was this odd little scene during which Catherine emotionally admits to her beleaguered assistant, Jules, that she has just had an abortion. It was odd because it was so disarmingly real and so strangely out of place, given the context of the usual bonehead sitcom.

The network wanted the scene cut. The producers, courageously enough, fought tooth and nail to keep it in. The producers wouldn't budge, and the network begrudgingly let us film the scene.

I was very proud of this particular performance, not only because it allowed my character to display some real human qualities for a change, but because it mirrored my own emotional confusion regarding abortion.

Every day I expected to hear that the scene had been cut. But the producer stood resolute. It was a touch-and-go situation with the network up until the night the episode aired. In the meantime, I was advised not to do any publicity—or even mention the word *abortion*—with any member of the press. It was feared that if word got out, the network would be harassed by antiabortion groups and forced (by advertisers fearful of boycotts) to drop that particular show.

It was, in essence, a gag order.

Hell, even when the ratings were at their very worst, nearly ten million people were watching, and it seemed better to have at least those many people exposed to the issue than the couple of thousand who might, *might*, read about it in a TV gossip column.

So I kept quiet. I toed the company line and kept quiet. That sickened me. It sickened me because the producers, the network, and I had all allowed ourselves to cower in fear and submit to the power wielded by a small but well-

organized group of right-wing zealots such as the Reverend Donald Wildmon and his National Federation of Decency. (Wildmon has effectively led boycotts against advertisers and distributors of what he has declared "objectionable" material in the past.)

How many more times will the media allow themselves to be bullied into self-censorship? How much longer will the majority of Americans, who not only clearly support freedom of choice but also revere our freedom of speech, sit back in apathy on their living-room sofas?

It is appalling to me that these giant media corporations would let themselves be used as pawns in the burgeoning psychological warfare waged by fanatical groups who not only manipulate information to serve their own ideology but, in their efforts to do "God's work," resort to bombings, death threats, harassment, and outright physical violence.

But then again, I'm not that surprised. When the big bucks start flowing, everyone is suddenly "bipartisan." Sometimes I'm not sure if there is much difference between Operation Rescue workers screaming, "Murderer!" "Whore!" and "Dyke!" at young women in Wichita and the images of women rampant in the media today. To Randall Terry and other demagogues, I am nothing more than a hen prized only for her eggs. To Hollywood, my basic instinct must be either to help Harrison Ford find his inner child or prop up Michael Douglas's sagging virility by giving him the "fuck of the century."

Yes, I'm off on a tangent, and I don't care. I'm mad, I'm frustrated, and I'm ready to strap on a Schwarzenegger-size semiautomatic shotgun and go on a rampage that'll make *Thelma & Louise* look like the goddamn Bobbsey Twins.

Obviously, violence solves nothing. I need to voice my dissatisfaction through the ballot box. After all, it wasn't that long ago that the suffragettes struggled to win my right to vote. But what difference does it make who is elected President with all those Reagan and Bush appointees stuck on the Supreme Court for the next 30 years? Then, I remember that things could, and probably will, get a lot worse—that is, unless the more liberal-minded folks of this country organize, galvanize, and radicalize to a point where, like their more conservative fellow Americans, they are willing to leave their jobs and fly, at their own expense, to the nation's capital and practice some good ol' civil disobedience. If not, then we better be ready to accept blithely the agenda set by the more powerful and more intolerant few.

As the Klansman said to David Duke, "Remember, Hitler only started with seven men."

LOREN MAYNES

HENRY ROLLINS: I assume the question being put to me is whether or not abortion should be legal.

I think abortion should be legal.

I could use a lot of words and waste space, but I won't. The fact that women are regularly abused, humiliated, and intimidated as much as they are in 1992 makes it too clear to me that they should at least have the right to control their bodies.

If women have control of their bodies, why should there be any unwanted pregnancies in the first place? Because contraceptive methods are not 100 percent reliable, because women are sometimes forced into compromising situations, and besides all that—shit happens. I don't think there are any women out there who would say, "No matter if I get pregnant, I'll just get an abortion," and leave all precautions to the hands of fate. I think the opinion that legal abortions lead to women lowering their concern and awareness of the possibility of unwanted pregnancy is a load.

Is abortion murder? Hell, I don't know. I also don't know if all the gleaming white suburban Christians are ready to adopt the potential thousands of unwanted infants. Some of them pick up crack habits from the womb, some of them are (shudder) nonwhite.

I think:

1) A woman should be able to get a safe, 100 percent on-the-level abortion like I could go get my hearing checked.

2) Men should be educated as to the biological functions of women on a higher level than a rock album.

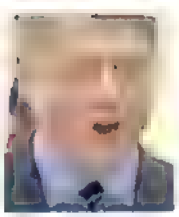
3) Antiabortion types should spend some time outside of their self-serving perimeter and feel the slap of the real world.

4) Women should not say yes when they want to say no.

You could spend years debating all of this.

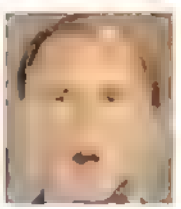
ON THE RECORD

In the April Antihero, SPIN wrote, "Is a Master State going to try to revert to controlling individual bodies and what their possessors do with them? That doesn't work—so, pols, face up to making sense, not hypocrisy, on abortion and other sex-related issues. Coherence, not coat hangers." What follows are responses to SPIN's query on abortion from the candidates, or their campaign organizations' official positions.

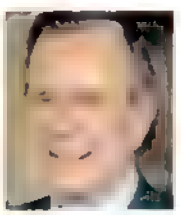


WIDE WORLD PHOTOS

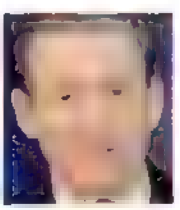
Bill Clinton: "Bill Clinton believes that personal privacy is a fundamental liberty protected by our Bill of Rights. The right to privacy includes the right to make the difficult and intensely personal decisions regarding abortion, without government interference. If elected President, Clinton will sign the Freedom of Choice Act, to secure the right to choose in federal law. As President, he will immediately issue an executive order repealing the gag rule, which undermines privacy rights and the First Amendment rights of silenced health-care providers. Furthermore, Bill Clinton will stand up against zealots who violate the rule of law by blockading health clinics. Clinton's health-care plan would cover pregnancy-related medical procedures, including abortions."



Jerry Brown: "We know that we will not really be free until the rights of every American are secured—including the right of all women to control their bodies." Brown "supports *Roe* v. *Wade*, the Freedom of Choice Act, reversal of the edict banning abortions at overseas military facilities, overturn of the gag rule, and Medicaid funding for abortions."



George Bush: "It is my intention to ensure that no federal funds are used to support abortion except in cases where the life of the mother would be endangered if the fetus were carried to term. I will sign a bill that does not include language that prohibits implementation of the abortion counseling and referral rule."



Pat Buchanan: "Mr. Buchanan believes that the unborn have a God-given right to life, and that the old, sick, and feeble need protection from suicide merchants and 'Death With Dignity' zealots whose answer to age, illness, and disability is a lethal injection rather than loving care. If Mr. Buchanan is elected President, he will personally lead the Fight for Life in the Congress and the federal court."

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MOVING IMAGES

SPIN'S MEDIA MONITOR. BY JONATHAN BERNSTEIN

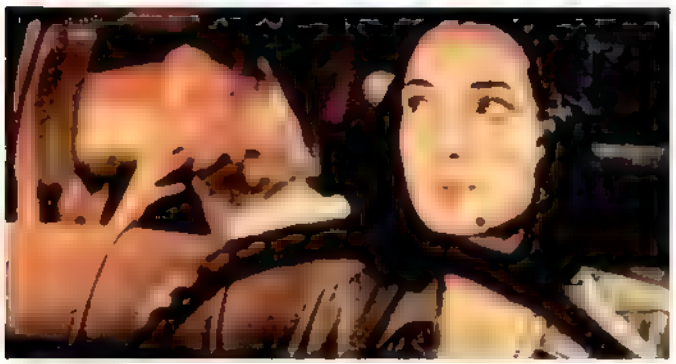
Jim Jarmusch's film *Night on Earth* follows five cab rides occurring simultaneously around the world. JONATHAN BERNSTEIN flags him down.

TAXI DRIVER

"If you think about cab rides, they're completely incidental. You take a cab from point A to point B. Those are the significant points and the cab ride is not significant. I made a film out of moments that normally you'd take out of a film."

—Jim Jarmusch

Boredom, confusion, misdirected aggression, ungenerous intelligence quotients, bleak moments in static lives—these are the elements that coalesce in Jim Jarmusch's work, making his films stylistically unique and often tough to sit through. *Night on Earth* is an anthology: five stories in four languages, all detailing the events—or lack of—unfolding within the course of a cab ride, each happening simultaneously, beginning with sunset in L.A., ending with sunrise in Helsinki.



Winona Ryder, behind the wheel, and Gena Rowlands, out of focus.

Although the nature of the form cancels out possibilities of a cohesive, continually rewarding work, the movie points up the development of Jarmusch's narrative muscle with a quintet of stories running the emotional gamut from sheer hell in Helsinki to the wild comedic tour de force perpetrated by actor Roberto Benigni in Rome. The Italian madcap scores big-time, driving a priest to distraction and, finally, to death's door with his unpromptu in-cab confession of his method to relieve overheated adolescent hormones. "It goes pretty far," Jarmusch says of the segment. "I had a leash on Roberto because that's how he works best." Far weaker is the opening L.A. episode, featuring Gena Rowlands as a fast-track casting agent frantically searching for the right face to put a hot project into orbit. Winona Ryder is Corky the driver, happy with her lot in life, who Rowlands twigs would be just perfect for the part. Some may find Ryder's demurral dubious: a movie star turning down a chance to be a movie star. "The first draft was for two male characters. I wrote it for John Turturro who then was not able to do it. The driver wanted to be a movie star but the other character was a producer who just *couldn't* see that he was the right guy. Somehow it got switched around when I rewrote it for Gena and Winona. Maybe Winona being a movie star had something to do with it, but I would prefer you watch the film and not think that Winona is Winona but that she's Corky."

Earth's New York segment evokes a wince of recognition with its theme of noncommunication between hapless immigrant cab driver (Armin Mueller-Stahl) and frustrated passenger (Giancarlo Esposito). "That story actually came from a real thing that happened to a friend of mine. He got in a car with an Indian driver who was on his first day and had no idea where he was going. My friend said, 'Look, I'll drive, you ride, and I'll pay.' "

Was the entire repertory company proficient behind the wheel? 'They could all drive. Matti Pellonpää in Helsinki had a lot of trouble—I think his license has been suspended for years. Winona had to pull a big station wagon backward out of a driveway. It's a joke in the film that she has to sit on a phone book to see out the window, but it actually did help her. Isaach De Bankolé in Paris—that guy could be a race-car driver.

How about the director's own experiences in the passenger seat? "I've had a lot of wild cab drivers in New York: kamikaze madmen, old guys who drive so slow you want to kill them, heavy metal guys on speed, blasting Motörhead. I saw a cab on the Bowery once bump a car in front. It was a small Japanese car with blacked-out windows. These Chinese gang members came out with these *keoga* sticks, and they smashed every window in the guy's cab and then got back in and drove away. It was so fast it was terrifying—*boom, boom!* Don't bump into those Chinese gang members' cars."

MARK HIGASHINO

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DREAMING AMERICA

NOTES OF A NEW JACK

BY SCOTT POULSON-BRYANT

The Fine Art

HE WANTED TO BE AN ACTOR, BUT HE COULDN'T really act. He knew how to carry a gun, though. He knew how to load, aim, and fire. He knew how to swig from a 40-ounce bottle of malt liquor. And he knew how to play basketball really well.

He wanted to be a rapper, but he couldn't rap. He could throw dozens at kids in high school and still wielded his Virgo wit with rude, incisive precision. He knew how to curse—like a sailor who lost his leave, his grandmama used to say. He believed he could save the world with his swagger and his Timberlands, but he didn't really have anything new or interesting to say.

He wanted to be a singer, but he couldn't sing. He loved Frankie Lymon's voice, but secretly thought that the falsetto stuff only kept black men down. He sang Luther Vandross covers at high school dances—he even made a couple hundred bucks at a bar mitzvah in Larchmont once, crooning with a friend's band, the Black Cats.

He wanted to be a dancer, but he couldn't dance. He took tap and jazz classes in junior high school, but the jockstrap he wore underneath the tights made his balls itch, and he quit. He was into club dancing, but couldn't really stomach the attitude or the ego-slashing that went with backing up someone else on tour.

He wanted to be a film director, but he couldn't direct. He was bored during all those unpaid 15-hour music video shoots, and he had no interest in trying to learn about lenses.

So, if he couldn't act or rap or sing or dance, at least he could fake it. Whatever he did, he would carry on a tradition: Excellence in the Fine Art of Being a Black Boy.

RE: THE STAR-STRUCK BLACK BOY. WHETHER rich or poor or somewhere in between, he yearns to escape. Something. He probably fixates on Streisand or Ross or Elvis or James Brown, depending on his sexual leanings. He decided at a young age to become a star. Not an artist, but a star, paparazzi fodder, magazine-cover material. He decides that his friends are really his fans, eager for his company. He decides that his parents are really his managers. He never becomes a child star because his folks are trying to live each day and reminisce about seeing the Temptations at the Apollo back in '67.

Then, suddenly, black is in. He learns that black as a commodity is almost as hot as Madonna. MTV says so. Hollywood says so. Madison Avenue and the record biz agree.

Then, black is in. The younger brother of the star-struck black boy is now, himself, a star-struck African-American boy. He is 12 years old in 1984, the year that is dominated by Michael and Prince and Jesse and Bill and all those "super-Negroes." And 16 when Public Enemy barnstorms rap with a masterpiece. He learns that black as a commodity is almost as hot as Madonna. MTV says so. Hollywood says so. Madison Avenue and the record biz agree.

On tour, doing interviews, getting large and larger and largest. He still can't rap or dance or act, but he's celebrated for telling the truth about the world, about the injustices of capitalism, and the oppression of black people. He becomes a star. He has managers who wonder who his parents are and friends who definitely aren't his fans. In his live act, he chastises other rappers who ride in limos and date models, then ends the set and jumps into his limo and hugs his model. He parties and makes more money than he can count; he hires someone to count it.

He has a party. Everyone comes to see the famous black boy. But something is wrong. Who paid for those exotic dancers? Who approved that band? He asks the money counter. "You did," the money counter says. I didn't, the star thinks. "It's wonderful what you've done for your people," someone says to him. "It's even better what you've done for yourself," someone else says.

A year later—after the money counter turns out to be a money stealer, after the manager is accused of raping a fan, after his old best friend steals his beats—he has to make a speech:

"My name is Supreme Being and I'm here to tell you, there ain't no such motherfucking thing as a hip hop nation. All these hard-rock rappers and their pretty-boy dancers want you to think there's some kind of solidarity around here. But there isn't. There ain't no hip hop nation. And if you look to your right, and to your left, at the motherfucker standing next to you, you'd probably lay your eyes on the motherfucker who's waiting to stab you in the back as soon as you turn around. Or a sucker bold enough to reach around you and stab you as you're looking in his motherfucking face."

That's how he's going to start his speech. Then he's gonna break it down for everybody about everybody. He has to decide if he wants to go out this way. Well, it's the truth, isn't it? And isn't it supposed to be about the truth? Aren't his platinum records platinum because of the truth? Because he speaks truth to power? Because he tells the real deal? He wishes he still knew how to laugh, 'cause he'd be one rolling-on-the-floor motherfucker right about now.

Peace to Julia Phillips.

ANASTASIA VASILAKIS

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SPINS

REVIEWS EDITED BY LAUREN SPENCER

PLATTER DU JOUR

FAITH NO MORE

Angel Dust

Slash

Like a runaway freight train, seminal Bay Area cult quintet Faith No More came out of nowhere last year to achieve multiplatinum pseudostardom with 1989's *The Real Thing*, earning its stripes as the '90's first legitimate rock'n'roll rags-to-riches story. After almost a decade of slogging through the underground miasma with little respect and even less money, this motley crew instantly became every rock star's fave new flavor, embraced by metal lunkheads, new wave nerds, and the MTV hierarchy alike, thanks to the foppishly likable, rap-enhanced ditty "Epic." But while clearly thrilled with the surprisingly sudden acclaim and subsequent financial windfall, FNM was neither content to rest on its newfound laurels nor to repeat the funk-laden pop hit formula that every A&R whiz in the biz has seemingly tried to repeat ad nauseam since.

The resulting effort, *Angel Dust* (the band's fourth full-length studio offering), is the next logical step in the band's meteoric career. Dynamic, innovative, and multidimensional, FNM's 1992 release is easily the grimy unit's finest hour. Tracks ooze with a lethal combination of indie angst, metal crunch, nonpretentious art-rock meanderings, and subterfuged pop sensibilities. "Kindergarten" sounds like the last album's third single, "Falling to Pieces," meshed with the Black Sabbath's *The Headless Cross*. "Malpractice" reeks of both Gabriel-era Genesis à la *Trespass* and Young Gods. "RV" could be the soundtrack to some mutant freak show passion play. And "Caffeine" is a real skull-ripping radio-unfriendly nightmare in the same vein as *The Real Thing*'s "Surprise! You're Dead!" and the earlier "Spirit," from the band's 1987 release, *Introduce Yourself*. *Angel Dust*'s most obvious hit single, the intoxicating "A Small Victory," mixes AM pop finesse, machine-gun guitar, textured Japanese melody, and goofy Herbie Hancock "Rockit"-style keyboard samples—easily the most praiseworthy tune the band has composed to date.

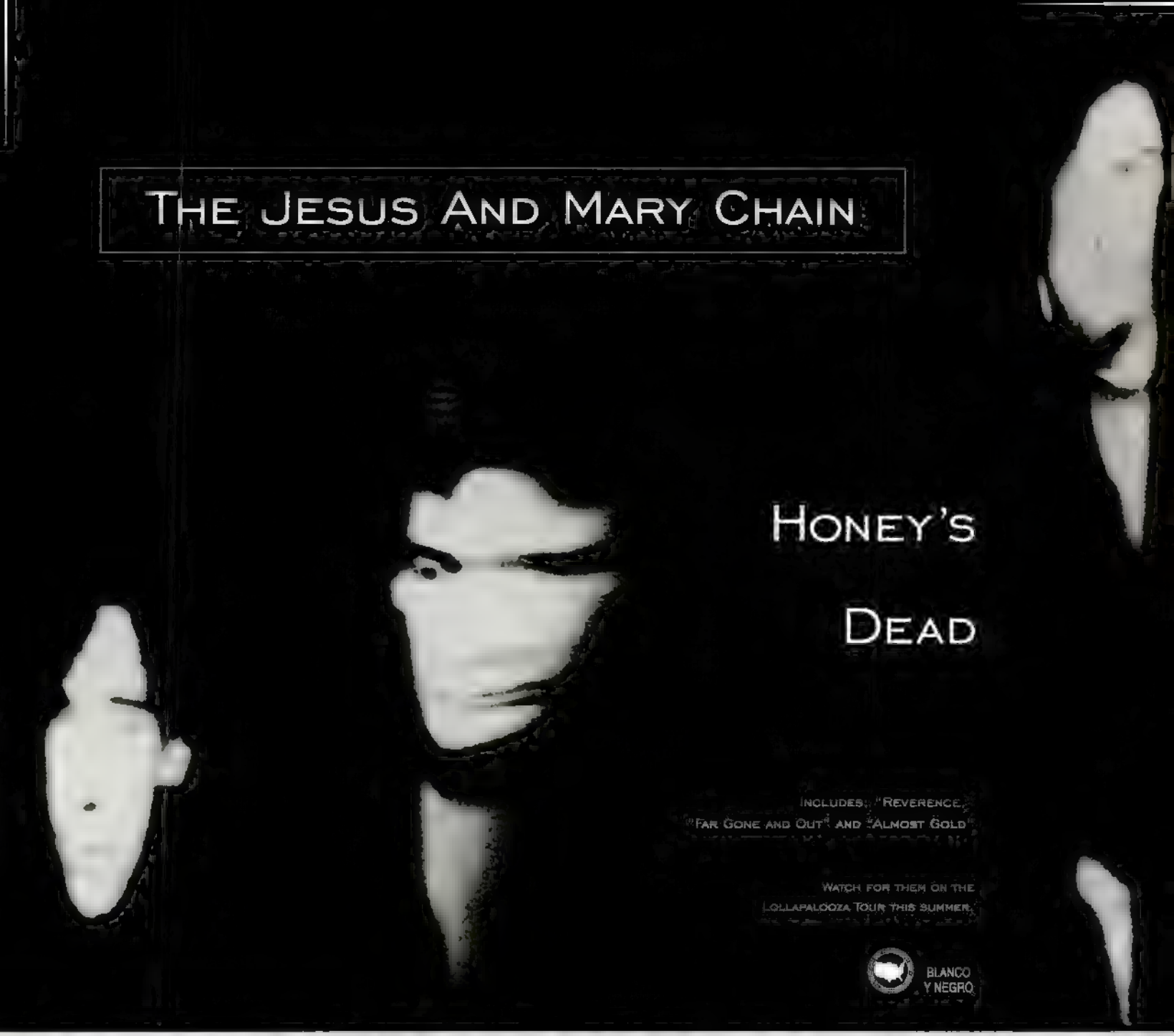
Technically, FNM has never been better. Longtime producer Matt Wallace (*Angel Dust* is again coproduced by the band) has unleashed his finest knob-twisting effort to date—crisp and brash, yet brutally ugly. Drummer Mike Bordin's sonic booms have earned him rite of passage as the second coming of Carmine Appice. Bassist Billy Gould rumbles more proficiently than any of his Flea-bitten contemporaries. Ax man Jim Martin crushes poetic with riffage eons beyond modern six-string icons such as James Hetfield and Thurston Moore, while the full-bodied keyboards of Roddy Bottum remain pleasingly devoid of Rick Wakeman–esque wank.

Vocalist Mike Patton comes off as a man possessed. Finally an integral cog in the high-revving songwriting machine, the band's front man has never sounded more confident and in-your-face, continuing to prove himself as one of rock's top young throats. Gone are the postpubescent nasal croons that made Patton a skate dude gone wrong, a teen-metal pinup. As he continues to develop his angry, evil, oft-poetic assault, Patton makes pumped-up angry young men like Glenn Danzig and that moron in Love/Hate come off more as poodle-haired nincompoops than the ones that they're supposedly an alternative to.

STEVEN DANA

Simply put, FNM lets its music do the talking. Sans pomp and circumstance, with a refreshingly humble blue-collar work ethic, these Frisco kids have yet to become caught up in the silly trappings afforded their current phenomenal standing in the ever-changing rock hierarchy—so much is obvious with *Angel Dust*. Pure with intent and unabashedly innovative, Faith No More might just be the greatest progressive hard-rock band since Queen in its golden age. Let's just hope the band doesn't get too dusted along the way to realizing that potential. In the meantime, we could all stand a massive hit of the twisted smoke Faith No More is blowing our way. **STEVE BLUSH**

The Jesus And Mary Chain



Honey's Dead

Includes: "Reverence," "Far Gone and Out" and "Almost Gold"

Watch for them on the Lollapalooza Tour this summer.

Blanco y Negro

Vegas Throat
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- = Go directly to your local record store. Buy this album. Immediately. Kill if you must.
- = Whoa! Slow down, pal. This album is pretty good, but you can't buy everything in the store. Can you?
- = Stop it. Put that down. Go buy something to eat instead. You have to eat, too, you know.

DEF LEPPARD

Adrenalize

Mercury

The challenge of reviewing a new Def Leppard album was too much for just one person, so we called in the "B" team: Bernstein and Blackwell.

Jonathan Bernstein: Well . . . they blew it.

Mark Blackwell: Big time. After five long years, we were expecting more. We were expecting another album—

Bernstein: That ended in "ia."

Blackwell: Yeah, *Diptheria* or *Nigeria*, maybe. But *Adrenalize*?

Bernstein: The band yanked that carpet out from under us, but at least it hasn't made any radical aural departures. In fact, it might be postulated that the band sounds—

Blackwell: *Exactly the same.*

Bernstein: Joe Elliott's ultrasonic megamultitracked vocal pyrotechnics reach heights previously scaled only by Freddie Mercury . . . and the Mormon Tabernacle Choir.

Blackwell: Like, they spent years laboring over the vocals—adding more layers, harmonies, fine-tuned air-compressed choruses—sucking the life from rock'n'roll. These guys are studio-computer geeks. There's no recklessness, no danger, no dirt. It's

so clean, so homogenized.

Bernstein: Sure, three years recording vocals may seem excessive, but you realize they spent only 37 seconds writing them.

Blackwell: Yeah, "The lights are on, but there's someone home."

Bernstein: That's from "Heaven Is"—and never was a song more aptly titled. Forget your reckless dirt, these guys are a flat-out synthpop band that flourishes its '70s influences on its sleeves.

Blackwell: Or *sleeve*, as the case may be.

Bernstein: A little Queen here, some Cheap Trick there—

Blackwell: And that ELO stuff in "Let's Get Rocked."

Bernstein: That's no song. That's a fireworks display. They're like snake-oil salesmen, using every trick in the book.

Blackwell: Those crazy emphasis pauses, the sound effects, the mob choruses—

Bernstein: Great, isn't it? And the band has reclaimed the power ballad from campfire sing-along saps like Mr. Big. Check the Lep's future No. 1, "Have You Ever Needed Someone So Bad."

Blackwell: Aw, Elliott sounded like Doogie Howser there. Stuff like that doesn't get to me.

Bernstein: C'mon, you called your stupid girlfriend and told her you missed her while it was playing. And "Make Love Like a Man"—

Blackwell: But that seven-minute "White Lightning" thing took so long to slip out of the initial guitar atmospherics, I thought I'd go into a coma.

Bernstein: Okay, they overreached themselves bucking for a soundtrack, but these guys potentially have another greatest-hits album here.

Blackwell: Looks like they're sufficiently armed to pull that milk-three-or-four-years-of-singles-and-videos-from-one-album trick again.

Bernstein: Euphoria!

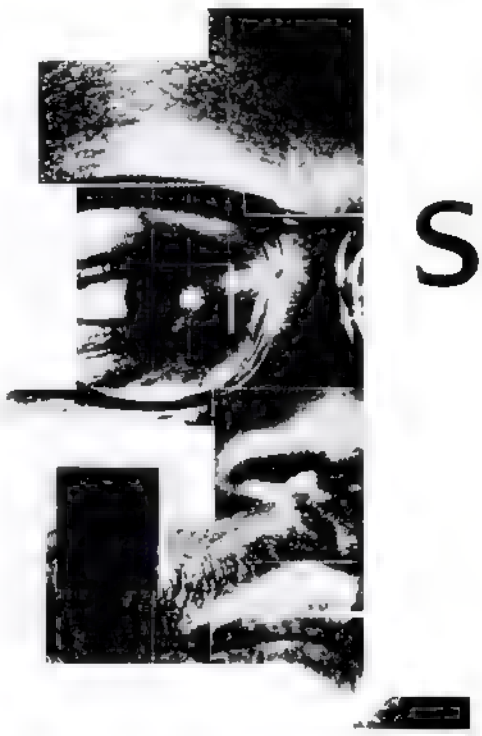
ARRESTED DEVELOPMENT

3 Years, 5 Months & 2 Days In the Life of . . .

Chrysalis

Rap purists take P.M. Dawn to task for its suburban brand of hip hop, an unlikely mix of street beats and new wave ether. Atlanta's Arrested Development is likely to weather even more heat for its debut album. Speech (né Todd Thomas), Arrested Development's 23-year-old leader, has concocted a heartland hip hop sound that successfully incorporates both grass-roots folk and hard, urban funk. Can rap be authentic when it swings with such an easy lilt?

From the blues harp sample that opens "Mama's Always on Stage" to



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WORLD BEAT

Kronos Quartet

BY RICHARD GEHR

"IN MY OPINION," NUBIAN COMPOSER Hamza el Din said in a recent interview, "world music is the music of those musicians who become known around the world, like Ravi Shankar, like Hamza, like Segovia." That's one opinion. Another comes from David Harrington, the 41-year-old violinist who founded the Kronos Quartet in Seattle 15 years ago: "[The term] *world music* doesn't have a lot of relevance for me; it seems like more of a marketing term. Is Bartok world music?"

Well, yes. And by including commissioned quartets by el Din and six other African composers on *Pieces of Africa* (Elektra Nonesuch), Harrington and Kronos have opened the door onto a world of music both the classical establishment and certain ethnomusicologists (those who insist that African music be authentic) would prefer to keep shut. The string quartet, the argument goes, is a sacrosanct institution, and anyone who flaunts its conventions—even in the 1990s—invites the establishment's wrath. Thus, when Kronos performed el Din's wistful and wonderful "Escalay," and two pieces by Zimbabwean composer Dumisani Maraire during a recent New York concert (in which the composers participated), the *New York Times*'s chief music critic hit the roof: "While historically the string quartet was considered the most intellectual and rigorous of musical ensembles," sniffed Edward Rothstein, "these players are rejecting such qualities in favor of a cleverly packaged form of postmodern folk music, complete with mood lights and costumes." As though new music should exist in gloomy petrification.

"Everything we've done up to those recordings prepared us for them," Harrington says. "The African sensibility—with its wide variety of harmonies, repetitions, and call-and-response invocations of community—has long been an element of Kronos music.

"But the images within the music," Harrington continues, "are quite different. All of a sudden, we were trying to remember how an elephant walks or how a hyena might run."

Hassan Hakmoun (Morocco), *kora* virtuoso Foday Musa Suso (Gambia), Justinian Tamusuza (Uganda), Obo Addy (Ghana), and Kevin Volans (South Africa) are the other composers on *Africa*. The compositions express ritual, celebration, spirituality, nostalgia, liberation, and a richness of imagery that makes most Western classical music pale in comparison. Which is to say, the album swings.

Kronos Quartet, from left: Hank Dutt, David Harrington, John Sherba, and Joan Jeanrenaud.

Harrington dreams of creating "a unified field theory of quartet music, a body of work that 30 years from now would reflect what it's like in this time." Thus the Kronos Quartet performs only contemporary compositions, and have taken increasingly far-flung and experimental turns. Recent works have hailed from Brazil, Korea, and Argentina, while blues, jazz, and rock have all opened windows onto a radically eclectic world music that respects neither limits nor frontiers.

WONDERFUL WORLD
Remmy Ongala and Orchestre Super Matimila, *Mambo* (Virgin); **The Mighty Sparrow,** *Hot Like Fire* (BLS); **Kalesijski Svuci,** *Bosnian Breakdown* (GlobeStyle); **King Jammy,** *A Man and His Music* (RAS).

the Beat-poet pace of "Raining Revolution," it's evident that Arrested Development has no qualms dipping into any musical bag it sees fit for inspiration. And a sampling of subject matter—"Fishin' 4 Religion" criticizes the church establishment; "Give a Man a Fish" warns "Ain't no room for gangsters / 'Cause gangsters do dirty work and get pimped by mobsters"—reveals a hip hop agenda never heretofore so coherently arranged. Veins of Sly and the Family Stone, Buddy Guy, and Earth, Wind and Fire marble *3 Years*'s bulk—no doubt a wise ploy to position radical thoughts for maximum appeal.

Preaching monogamy, family values, and peace, Arrested Development is unselfconsciously unorthodox. Yet the album's title, a reference to the time between the group's formation and its obtaining a contract, reminds that sometimes career ambitions take precedence over politics. And so, somewhere deep amid Gil Scott-Heron, Prince, and Public Enemy, Arrested Development mines its loamy lode. "I have nothing but pure intentions," Speech promises a woman on one track. One hopes Arrested Development is savvy enough to know that history is paved with pure intentions and energetic enough to stick with its substantial, authentic groove.

ALEC FORGE

RAMONES

Loco Live
Sire/Warner Bros.

Studies have shown that New York's beloved Ramones are the inspiration for 95 percent of the rock'n'roll you listen to these days. After analyzing the band's record sales, experts also believe you haven't done enough to support the boys' good works. But it's never too late to make amends, so get wise and get hip to the groovy *Loco Live*, documenting 30-something of the Ramones' best onstage in grungy low fidelity. Cheer Joey Ramone's eloquent stupidity as he sticks up for losers and outcasts everywhere on "Pinhead" and "I Wanna Be Sedated." Thrill to Johnny Ramone's buzzsaw guitar, always the same, yet infinitely varied within its sublime hum. Part exorcism and part slapstick comedy, "My Brain Is Hanging Upside Down (Bonzo Goes to Bitburg)" and "I Don't Wanna Go Down in the Basement" provide the ultimate antidote to life's everyday crud, confronting the horror with a cool big beat. (By the way, anyone who wonders why the Ramones haven't changed much since 1976 must not realize they were nearly perfect to begin with.) As an ancient philosopher once observed, "Gabba gabba hey!"

JON YOUNG

NICK CAVE AND THE BAD SEEDS

Henry's Dream
Mute/Elektra

Nick Cave's new album, *Henry's Dream*, takes its cue from "The Witness Song" on 1990's *The Good Son*, with mostly less-than-satisfying results. That song's antic, tuneless swagger seemed almost out of place on an album filled with bittersweet, melodic longing, but it worked in context, as astringent counterpoint. *Henry's Dream* is almost all astringency, and with little more than shards of half-melody to cling to, the listener is in danger of drowning in an acid bath.

Which I guess, if you were in a certain mood, could be enjoyable, but I moved out of the East Village a while back and have maybe lost touch with, you know, the dark side of my humanity. It's difficult to know how much producer David Briggs—best known for his work with Neil Young—has to do with Cave's sudden loss of melody (I suspect not much), but the actual production

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June 13 Dallas, TX
June 16 Monterey, Mexico
June 19 Phoenix, AZ
June 21 Long Beach, CA
June 23 San Diego, CA
June 27 Los Angeles, CA

further dates to be announced

Fiction

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quality here is pretty splendid.

And so are some of the songs: Especially the rollicking "Papa Won't Leave You" and the grim "John Finn's Wife." Cave certainly hasn't lost his knack for story-telling, and if he's more focused on spinning yarns than weaving tunes on this record, I guess I should just appreciate that and shut up. But I liked *The Good Son* one whole hell of a lot, and *Henry's Dream* feels like a retraction of its virtues, and, yeah, I do take that personally. It's the only way I know how to take records.

JIM GREER

CHRIS MARS

Horseshoes and Hand Grenades

Smash/Polygram

Paul Westerberg wrote the songs and sang. Tommy Stinson was the teen-glam heartthrob. His brother Bob Stinson was the insane, drunk, balding guitar player. Who the hell was Chris? A cute scrappy guy, great drummer—more a sensible Charlie Watts than a loony Bonzo or Ringo, a placid figure hanging in the background of the Replacements carnival. You might wonder whether some sort of Little Village or Traveling Wilburys setup might not have been a more appropriate forum for Mars's creative impulses than an entire solo album, but it turns out he's already done that (he drums for the Golden Smog, a Minneapolis all-star indie cover band). *Horseshoes and Hand Grenades* is not an embarrassment, despite the patches of mediocrity to be expected in a solo spin-off like this.

The sound is rough and sloppy, with power-pop guitar leads in the catchy tunes—more pub than punk rock. Mars's low, throaty voice suits his good-humored songs about life in the unambitious lane.

His world view comes through best in the regretful "Get Out of My Life" (a phrase sung to him, not by him) and "Last Drop," an "Afterhours"-style album-closer about that tavern in the sky where there are "no clocks, no last calls," and friendship never gets tired. The Replacements had to end, but you can't blame Mars for keeping the drinks flowing for as long as he can get someone to pick up the tab. What do you expect him to do, get a real job?

IAN KREILKAMP

TESTAMENT

The Ritual

Atlantic

Let Metallica do the wimpy ballads. Let Megadeth grind its teeth to ten-minute guitar solos. Let Anthrax be socially aware. Let Slayer be, well, Slayer. Testament's job is thrashin', not fashion. The band has replaced the genre's inherent redundancy and manic speed with well-constructed songs relentlessly pelted with cool riffs ("So Many Lies"—the mother of all neck-snapping Testament riffage). Which, to a zit-festooned kid with rust on his Iron Maiden patch, is all that's really needed.

The Ritual could be just the thing to rescue Metalli—uh, Testament—from its recurrent metal identity crisis. And possibly regain the band a little respect after years of taking it in the shorts from its peers. It doesn't help, however, that Testament is still catching grief for the rushed and messy *Souls of Black* released two years ago. Testament has a shot at redemption with *Ritual*, although melodic thrash metal, even as masterfully sandblasted as this is, has been drying up quicker than the tattoo ink on Lemmy's butt.

Guitar wonder Alex Skolnick has applied the lessons of his prog-jazz partnership with Stu Hamm, but even though this is some of his finest lead work, he still sounds distracted (read: bored). No wonder; this shit's not challenging enough for him. You can tell he would like nothing better than to whip out some complex minoxidilian scale and blow the hair off his frets. As it is, Skolnick's deft soloing glides as flawlessly as Olympic blades over Eric Peterson's ice-breaking megachunk rhythms. His playing becomes inspired in expressive power ballads ("Let Go of My World") and the seven pit-happy minutes of the title track.

You may not know it, but there's a world of difference between Metallica and Testament. Even if all that means is that they're on different labels.

JEFF GILBERT

SISTER SOULJAH

360 Degrees of Power

Epic

This isn't an album, it's a sermon—and a pretty silly one at that. The music (produced by Eric Sadler/Street Justice, with rap duets with both Ice Cube and Chuck D) is incidental. It's the words that count here, and the preachy wail "raptivist" Souljah provides doesn't add up to much. Monumentally ineffectual.

Souljah congratulates herself endlessly as "a lonely but powerful black soldier" and never tires of educating listeners about her exact role in the struggle against racism, which she views as ground-breaking. "She gave those white people hell, you know."

Souljah says about herself, and it's hard not to laugh. Another fantasy: a presidential "speech," before the track "Slavery Is Back in Effect," ordering blacks to "report to the designated [slave] camps in their area."

On every song, Souljah exercises her didactic powers with endless slogans, theories, and threats, all delivered as shrieked manifestos. "There's no such *thing* as a black racist!" she bellows shrilly.

It took Def Jam six years to put out one single by a female artist. It took Public Enemy five years to recruit a woman for its entourage. I wish Souljah was less of a tunnel-visioned cartoon character and more the warrior heroine she sees herself as. But no such luck.

STACI BONNER

XTC

Nonsuch

Geffen

Some parts of the British pop guard of the early '80s aged gracefully. Some didn't. While XTC might not have made a great album since 1982's *English Settlement*, the band has never reduced itself to the dreck of, say, Siouxsie and the Banshees' recent output. Andy Partridge

MELISSA ETHERIDGE

"never enough"

The new album.

Featuring the tracks

AIN'T IT HEAVY

2001

DANCE WITHOUT SLEEPING

ISLAND

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Swell Maps

BY IVAN KREILKAMP

"SOME PEOPLE GOT IT," EPIC Soundtracks comments, taking a break from recording a new album with his current band, Crime and the City Solution, to talk about his first band, Swell Maps. "But I think there were more people confused than got it." Led by Nikki Sudden (who went on to form the Jacobites), Swell Maps began playing and making home recordings in 1972 in a small town near Birmingham, England, while the members were in their early teens. They released their first single, "Read About Seymour," in 1977. The song is 90 seconds of bad energy, the scream of someone who's received too much garbled information too soon and doesn't know how to make it stop: "Read about Seymour yesterday / In the news that found its way / To where I sleep."

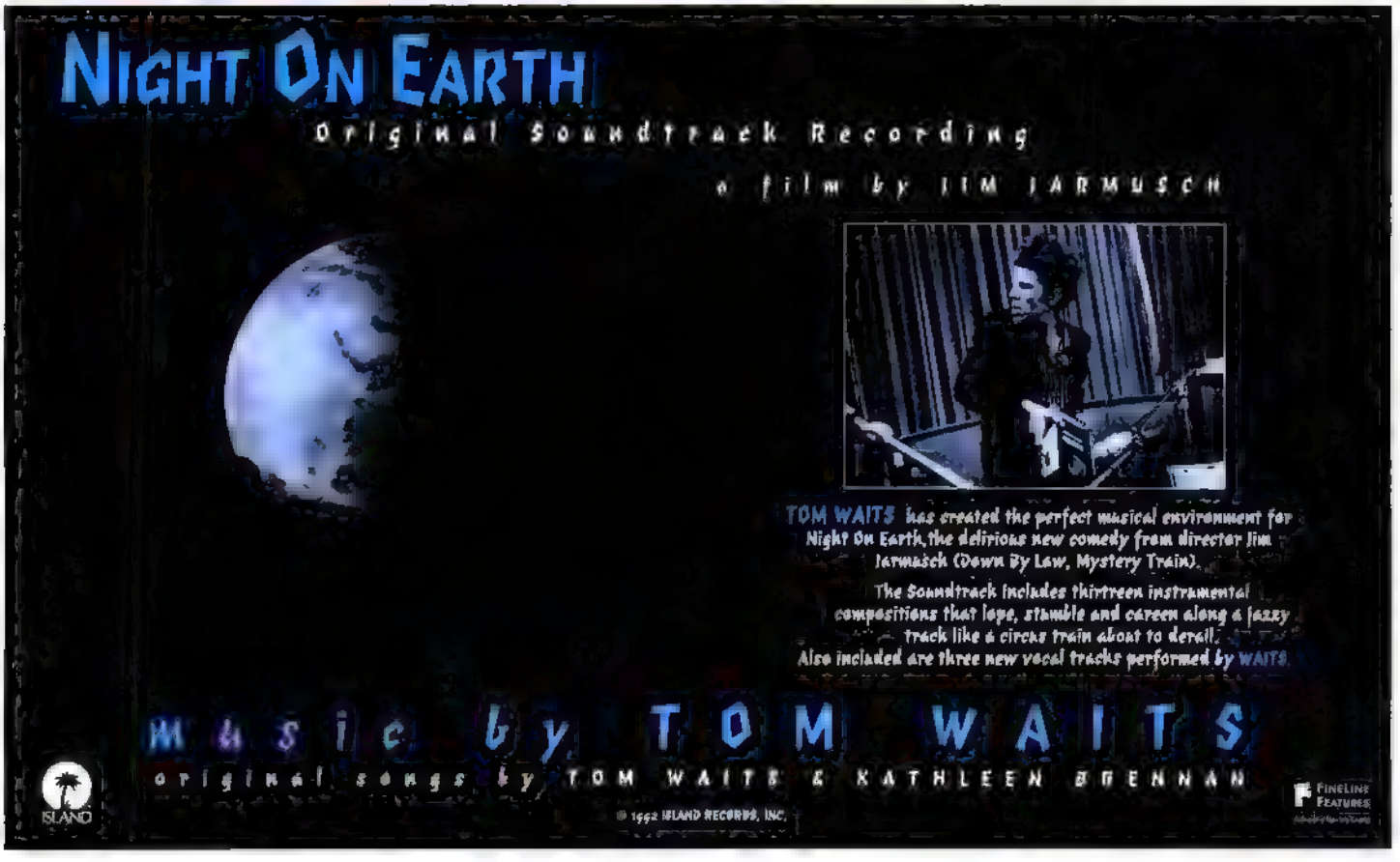
It's a fitting manifesto for a band located away from the central metropolitan scene, made aware of punk rock via a rumor heard through static. The emergence of punk helped Swell Maps become something more than a home experiment, but the band's musical roots went much deeper than most punk groups', and as the movement opened up possibilities, it also imposed new orthodoxies. "People didn't think you could do songs over three minutes long, or use acoustic guitars," Soundtracks recalls. If you listen to the four singles the band released between 1977 and 1980, you'll pass an excellent nine minutes, but you'll only have begun to get a sense of the band's range, evident on their albums (now rereleased on CD with extra tracks by Mute/Elektra). *A Trip to Marineville* (1979) starts out with "H.S. Art" (backward, that's "Trash," as in "How do you call your lover, boy?"). On "H S. Art," Sudden makes the arch promise "You'll see the real me" over an enthusiastic DIY sprawl that bottoms out in a chaotic eddy of one-note piano soloing and the half-sincere, half-mocking chorus "Do you believe in art?"

From here, our walking tour of Swell Maps' neighborhood brings us to a "Vertical Slum," with the urgent, senseless refrain of "The weather! The leather!" And soon we're lost in a maze of incompatible choices. Swell Maps refused to choose between the three-minute punk blast, the long noisy drone, and the muted aural collage. Along with Wire, the Fall, and the Mekons, they heard the sound of confusion when everyone else wanted a straight answer. With the song title "Whatever Happens Next . . ." as their credo, they built song structures just to watch them dissolve.

The Swell Maps, *from left*: Nikki Sudden, Jowe Head, Richard Earl, and Epic Soundtracks.

"Some of the songs are about things, some aren't," Soundtracks says when asked about a lyric. "You'll have to ask Nikki about that." What Swell Maps' songs are about is best embodied in "Let's Build a Car": A few seconds' intro of faded, crystalline chiming lunges into a relentless pound of exhilaration, the exhilaration of not knowing what it is you're building or what happens next—the excitement of playing a new game.

Buy the bridge! Build the car! Believe in art!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FINELINE FEATURES

is a careful pop craftsman and wordsmith and the 17 songs on *Nonsuch* comprise a mature—these guys *are* in their late 30s—collection. It might not be the hit that XTC's previous album, *Apples and Oranges*, was on college radio, but it nonetheless should go over well with the adult pop consumers. Heck, this is way better than both the Smithereens' and Robyn Hitchcock's latest.

While I personally prefer the inspired psychedelic noodling of XTC's side band, Dukes of Stratosphear, there are some gems on *Nonsuch*. "Wrapped in Grey" and "The Ballad of Peter Pumpkinhead" are perfect three-minute shaggy-dog stories, and anybody who has spent time in an Irish pub will know what I mean. The line "Man created the cardboard box to sleep in it, and man converted the newspaper to a blanket" from "The Smartest Monkeys" is exactly the kind of social commentary that can be born only in a pub, and, I mean, how can you possibly give higher praise to a lyricist than that?

JOHAN KUGELBERG

SNATCHES OF PINK

Bent With Pray

Caroline

Be aware that from the opening note of this Snatches of Pink release, on through to the closing, an overwhelming wash of feeling, sometimes leading to tears, will be very much a reality. Not because of anything vocalist-songwriter-guitarist Michael Rank is singing, but because of the sheer weighty beauty coming out of this threesome, which includes Sara Romweber (formerly of Let's Active) on drums, and Andrew McMillan on bass. Rank's voice seems just so ragged and bursting that certain raw connections to life and love spring to mind—sex, loss, hope.

Bent With Pray is for the most part an acoustic release—except on "Screams" where ex–Hanoi Rocks gypsy guitarist Andy McCoy brings his flamenco licks to paint another picture. But there's nothing soft about what Snatches make you go through while listening. Rank's guitar and vocals sometimes sound like Bob Mould meets Paul Westerberg, full of reaching and failing notes. Only in places can you grasp full cohesive meaning in the lyrics, but that's really a moot point compared with the force of the tunes.

It's almost obscene to open it up this much and make the listener go along on the journey, but on songs like "Undead" and "Powder Blue" you'll want to ride it over again. Kinda rips your heart open.

LAUREN SPENCER

DAS EFX

Dead Serious

Mca/EastWest

DAS EFX's debut album, *Dead Serious*, proves that this duo will snatch up and rhyme about anything in the public domain.

From jackin' NyQuil's "snifflin', sneezin' " to regurgitating a line from an ancient commercial for the Connect Four board game ("*Prit-tee* sneaky, Sis"), these unpredictable couch potatoes are on the case.

While rhyming about Brooklyn, the group suddenly flips a few syllables around and winds up singing "Boogie Oogie Oogie" before throwin' down country-western–style with a "Yippie-yie-yo-yay." DAS-EFX jibber-jabbers, blabbers, shouts, sings—and then comes right back at you with hard lyrics that simultaneously perplex, captivate, annoy, and amuse. Sure, other crews twist tongues, but they can't swing wit' the DAS-EFX when it comes to that television-induced, schizophrenic, lyrical wit.

While every song rocks, stronger cuts include "Klap Ya Handz," "Straight Out the Sewer," "They Want EFX," "East Coast," and "Brooklyn to T-Neck." DAS's mis-

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sion—to put the fun and Brooklyn back into hip hop—has been accomplished, so other crews hear the news: Get the F outta Dodge or get blown out the frame, 'cause DAS-EFX is dead serious. Move or get rolled on.

RONIN RO

STEVE WYNN

Dazzling Display

Rhino

Steve Wynn founded the Dream Syndicate, which was for a brief period in the early 1980s one of the best Velvet Underground rip-offs ever (and keep in mind that this was in the days before the Velvets' albums were rereleased with liner notes explaining them all to us). A decade later, Wynn is in the uncomfortable position of trying to prove that he's no has-been, while still having sold fewer records in his career than the average number of shellfish devoured at a Garth Brooks record-release clambake. That is to say, he's a bohemian journeyman, with what they call a cult audience (a very polite one, eschewing satanic rituals, however).

Wynn's second solo album displays an ambitious songwriter whose concerns include the Gulf War and the fall of Ceauşescu in Romania. Wynn leaves no doubt that he's left his pure American guitar-rock days behind in contemporary rhythmic numbers such as "Drag" and "Bonnie and Clyde," but he still slips a measure of *noir* killer-inside-me menace under the polished pop surfaces. Wynn's sweeping thematic and sonic range on *Dazzling Display* demands more of his songs than many of them can deliver: The best tracks here are those that sound least labored and allow his intelligent voice to be heard through the mix and the concept.

NAN KREILKAMP

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MELLOW MAN ACE
The Brother With Two Tongues
Capitol

On his latest album, *The Brother With Two Tongues*, Mellow Man Ace blows racial stereotypes out the box, calls Latin rap sellouts *carbóns* and *pingons*, and cuts other MCs down to size like a chainsaw. Bursting into a heavy Scarface accent, he gives everyone the Cuban *bozac* and drops a song called "The Ricky Ricardo of Rap," which is easily the best salsa–hip hop fusion ever recorded

That done, he flips the script and brings the hardcore with cuts such as "Hypest From Cypress" (with Cypress Hill), "Mellow Says Hello," and "Me La Pellas," on which he comes off like a Cuban Kool G Rap.

The Brother With Two Tongues is a raw, ethnically charged bomb, a postcard from L.A.'s barrios—proof that Latinos (such as Cypress Hill, Powerule, and Mellow) have a lot more to offer hip hop than "Rico Suave."

RONNIE RO

SWING OUT SISTER
Get in Touch With Yourself
Mercury

"It's not you. It's me." How often do we find ourselves on either the firing or receiving end of those self-castigating insincerities? The moment passes, the flame dies, feelings change, we'll always be friends. Time was the release of a new Swing Out Sister record triggered a sustained and sibilant "Yessss" from these quarters. "Breakout," Sister's signature hit, relaxed many a rigid rictus into a genuine expression of relief. The first two albums, although failing to clock crazy ducats, were way beyond gorgeous.

This time, bobbed triller Corinne Drewery is as vibrant, perky, and comfortable with her area of expertise as ever. Whitfield, Bacharach, and Barry are still the prime altars of inspiration at which the duo worships. Those little Chris Lowe synth bass stabs still underpin and contemporize otherwise featherweight tunes. SOS remain as sweet and silly as it always was, but somehow the thrill is gone. It's not them. It's me. Well, maybe it's them. Swing Out Sister's soufflé lacks substance. Guess I'm being a little naive, holding out hope for that new Nick Heyward album.

JONATHAN BERNSTEIN

GODFLESH
Pure
Earache/Relativity

Godflesh is a great band in the way that fellow U.K. nihilist band Black Sabbath is great: The band has excavated a style and built on it with each release. With *Pure*, Godflesh pushes the bounds of its naked rage to the extent that associating the band with as frilly a concept as a "band" seems somehow all wrong. That's entertainment. This isn't. This is the sort of surging, blackened noise that doesn't belong being played next to Nine Inch Nails' Depeche Mode-y strains or in one of those gawdawful "industrial" (and I use the term loosely) discos. Godflesh is more interested in moving your bowels than yer butt—the sort of ominous throb that pulls you into someone else's bag of nerves and keeps you there, squirming, for years.

Pure mines the lows—frequencies, emotions—that Joy Division only hinted at. Moments like "Mothra" (yes, a dedication to the Tokyo-flattening mothlike insect) and "Predominance" are the sound of rock taken to its bleakest and slowest extremes. A maximal approach to minimalism, the devastating CD-only instrumental "Pure II" rips open a sonic black hole via Justin Broadrick and ex-loop man Robert Hampson's Tangerine Dream-on-steroids guitar play. Driven by a monolithic drum machine that hammers with such force it could probably shift the tectonic plates, Godflesh successfully lays claim to the title of the most gloriously uncomfortable noise on the face of the planet. Hiroshima was probably more fun. That's a compliment.

MIKE GITTER

THERAPY?
Caucasian Psychosis
Quarterstick/Touch and Go

Any band that opens its record with the *Blade Runner* sample "Wake up, time to die" has got to be intense. Indeed, Belfast, Ireland's electromagnetic hate trio Therapy? is just that. Taking a cue, perhaps, from the senseless bloodshed in their own community, band members Andy Cairns (guitars and vocals), Fyfe (drums and vocals), and Michael (bass) are true sonic terrorists, inspired by all things violent. But unlike many of today's industrial-metal-noise bands that are either so overblown they're no longer visceral or so calculated they become sterile, Therapy? maintains a spontaneous mid-tempo balance between bombast and melody, providing fresh flesh cut after cut. Its music is stripped raw

Little Sutty's Quest for Music *by Mark Blackwell*

YOU KNOW HOW SOMETIMES YOU'LL SEE SOMEBODY YOU DON'T KNOW, ONLY YOU FEEL LIKE YOU SORT OF KNOW THEM, LIKE THEY'RE A STRANGER BUT THEY'RE FAMILIAR TOO? YOUR EYES'LL MEET AND YOU'LL SMILE AND THERE'LL BE THIS COOL LITTLE MOMENT, LIKE IN THE SUBWAY OR BURGER KING?
BUT THE THING IS YOU'RE PROBABLY NOT GONNA SAY ANYTHING BECAUSE THEY MIGHT TURN OUT TO BE SOME SORT OF PSYCHOPATHIC LUNATIC OR SOMETHING. SO YOU GO YOUR SEPARATE WAYS AND NEVER SEE EACH OTHER AGAIN. AND THAT'S KIND OF SAD.
-MARK R. BLACKWELL-

and bloody, forcibly impacting somewhere between prime Big Black and modern-day Ministry.

Caucasian Psychosis, a compilation of Therapy?'s two European EPs and a single, is crafted with tender loving angst, crazily weaving industrial samples and spoken sound bites through a fractured web of guitar fury and hoarse-throated vocal paranoia. This is the kind of stuff that brings out the black-biled rage that lurks within all of us. But that's alright. There's enough to go around. When in distress, seek Therapy?

JON WIEDERHORN

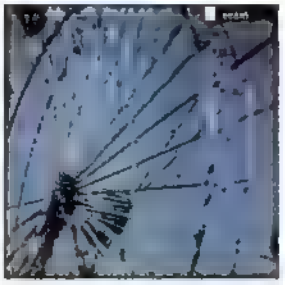
SEAM

Headsparks

Homestead

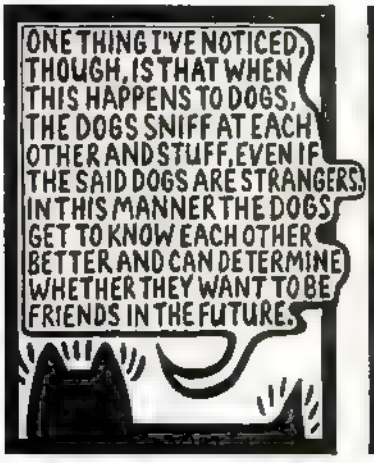
Seam sounds basically like Superchunk meets Bitch Magnet: lots of tough, anthemic, guitar rock with a bunch of noise all over it and vocals that sound as if they were recorded through a CB radio. It's no big trick, though, since Seam actually is Sooyoung Park from Bitch Magnet (name stolen from the cover of the same Big Black record that gave him his messy musical ideas), Mac McCaughan from Superchunk, and Lexi Mitchell from the Lilies. Sadly, I've never heard the Lilies, so I don't know how they fit the equation at hand, except that the song "New Year's" may as well be Galaxie 500's.

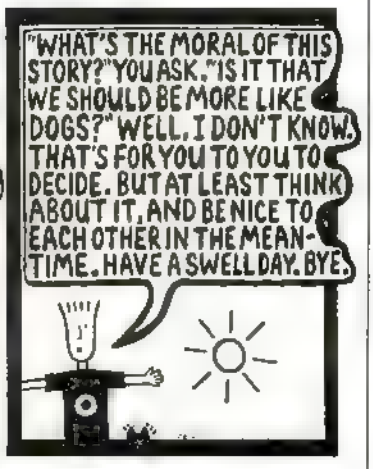
For the most part, the songs on *Headsparks* are hard, rocking, and thick with angry distortion. Seam gets slow but not lethargic, sensitive but not whiny, persistent but not nagging, confused but far from lost. Plus, the band pulls clever punches like pasting all that static-y haze over

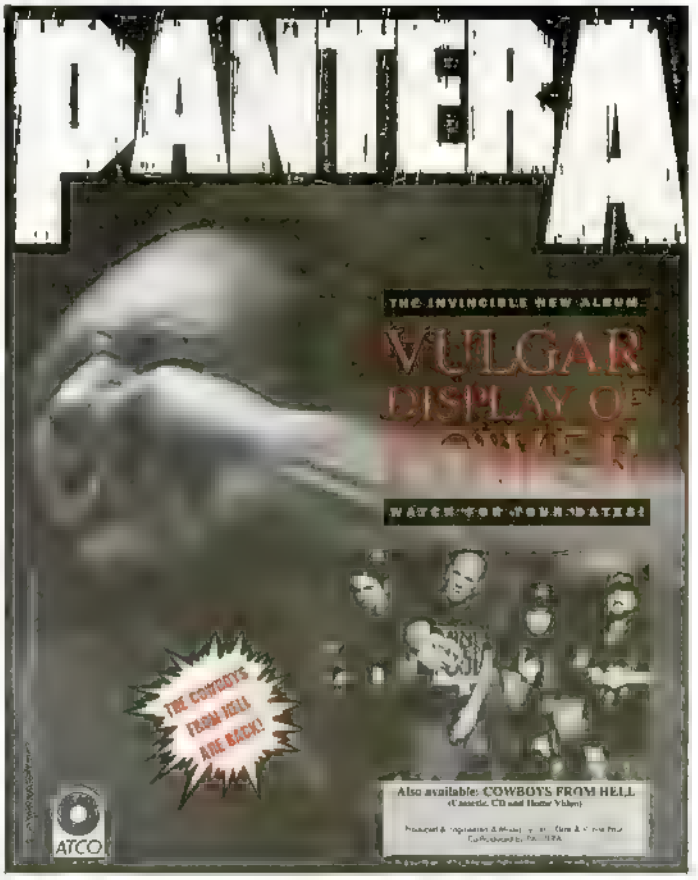


smartly tart, twangy, almost banjo-ish guitar. And when guest star Sarah Shannon takes lead vocals on "Shame," she shines a big, bald power-pop head. Even though this band gave us "Grain," the sonic equivalent of your very first ten-cup caffeine rush after your first all-night Jägermeister party, it's actually the only truly indispensable song on the record. Even though the band members did this album as a one-off, they and their respective bands are prolific enough that *Headsparks* makes the future look pretty grand.

VICTORIA WHEELER


ONE THING I'VE NOTICED, THOUGH, IS THAT WHEN THIS HAPPENS TO DOGS, THE DOGS SNIFF AT EACH OTHER AND STUFF, EVEN IF THE SAID DOGS ARE STRANGERS. IN THIS MANNER THE DOGS GET TO KNOW EACH OTHER BETTER AND CAN DETERMINE WHETHER THEY WANT TO BE FRIENDS IN THE FUTURE.


"WHAT'S THE MORAL OF THIS STORY?" YOU ASK. "IS IT THAT WE SHOULD BE MORE LIKE DOGS?" WELL, I DON'T KNOW. THAT'S FOR YOU TO YOU TO DECIDE. BUT AT LEAST THINK ABOUT IT, AND BE NICE TO EACH OTHER IN THE MEAN-TIME. HAVE A SWELL DAY. BYE.



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STOLAR TRACKS

D.O.A. *Bloodied but Unbowed/War on 45* (Restless)
Punk-rock nostalgists will adore this collection of historic greats from Vancouver's D.O.A. The CD reissue combines the band's best work from 1979 through 1983, remixed and remastered, with tracks from 1982's burning *War on 45* EP to boot. D.O.A.'s tight, aggressive style and combination of melody, sarcasm, and anger were incredibly spirited and full of life, playing a vital role in the early days of punk rock. One listen and you'll be slamming in the streets.

Bongwater *The Big Sell Out* (Shimmy Disc)
It's a toss-up over what's more impressive here—Bongwater's punky style of bluesy, '60-ish, lounge-style rock or the picture of singer-actress-just-about-anything Ann Magnuson's chest on the back sleeve. Regardless, *Sell-Out* is a silly yet thoughtful listen, with Magnuson's surprisingly competent vocals providing a pleasing, ethereal quality on top of Kramer's silky-smooth, rumbling beats.

Vertigo *Ventriloquist* (Amphetamine Reptile)
You've got to wonder how the indies do it. A handful of bands on most rosters and they all rock hard. Minneapolis's Vertigo is no exception. The band takes classic-rock grooves, noise-guitar melodies, and clear-sounding vocals, and mishmashes them all together to yield 12 gutsy songs, many of which, such as the LP's opener, "Love Withdrawal," are sure to be college-radio winners. A surprising Am Rep standout.

Atom Seed *Get in Line* (London/PLG)
Atom Seed's early material reeked of a cheesy Red Hot Chili Peppers spinoff, but *Get in Line* proves the English foursome has bigger and better things in mind. On *Line*, Atom Seed moves upward and onward, taking the best elements of classic funk rock and delivering them with ten times the power. Works so well it makes you wonder what the Peppers could do if they were more concerned with their music and less concerned with their manly socks.

Come "Car-Last Mistake" seven-inch (Sub Pop)
A two-song seven-inch that delivers all the satisfaction of, let's say, the definitive Hendrix box set. This Boston band takes standard alternative-grunge-guitar rock and reworks it into a delightful mix of deep, rich, and alarmingly cohesive music that'll have you clapping your hands in sheer satisfaction and sleepwalking to your local club for a live fix.

THESE REVIEWS ARE WRITTEN BY INDEPENDENT MUSIC CRITICS AND IN NO WAY CONNOTE BAND ENDORSEMENT OF STOLICHNAYA.

STOLI
THE RUSSIAN PHENOMENON.

Musical Messengers

BY DANIEL FIDLER

SO YOU'RE AN ANGRY YOUNG PERSON. Sensitive and shy and misunderstood because of it. It's easy for you to make people laugh, but you mostly keep to yourself and turn to music with a sheer intensity and a vocal passion you understand. Somewhere, somehow, artists are speaking out. And you relate intensely to what they're saying.

Each of the following bands has something to say in its own way. It's up to you whether or not to listen.

At 31, **Henry Rollins** is still pissed off at the world. For more than ten years he's been singing to a generation just as frustrated and confused as he is, and he still reigns as the king of tormented subject matter. Aside from his phenomenal musical output, Rollins devotes much of his time to spoken-word tours. He's a genius at them. Shows consist of an hour or two of recited poetry, prose, and life lessons delivered with Rollins's classic brutal honesty. You'll either be pissing in your pants with laughter, or you'll become sadly silent, owing to his revealing tenderness.

Touch and Go has bottled up six hours worth of these classic performances on CD (purchased separately or as a limited box set), including tracks from 21 shows performed between 1987 and 1990. While Rollins's stories don't really stand up to frequent, repeated listenings, his recited poetry and spoken-word prose are a dream—his soft, raspy voice cradling you with its mundane, rhythmic feel. A classic buy.

Take your typical college rock-schlock band, beat the band members up, strip them of any keyboards, electronic, and bass instruments, dump sewage over their heads, and piss them off any other way you can think of. Maybe then you'll understand what the ex-D.C., now New York–based quartet **Pussy Galore**, once a leader in stripped-down, guitar-based scum rock, was all about. On *Corpse Love: The First Year*, Caroline Records has assembled the band's three near-impossible-to-find releases (two EPs and an LP), along with eight bonus tracks. The tunes reek of crudely funny and sometimes offensive lyrics and glow with primal, rough, and sometimes evil songwriting. Pussy Galore doesn't paint a pretty picture, nor does the band want to. Antiaesthetics is the idea—angry frustration vented through grimy compositions.

If the sheer ugliness of Pussy Galore doesn't do it for you, then let Chapel Hill's **Seam** supply a soothing, thoughtful alternative. *Headsparks* (Homestead), the trio's debut LP, is a beautifully thought-out collection of slow-paced, yet extremely dense, guitar songs that radiate with warm, poplike arrangements. Seam somehow successfully mixes in plenty of drone and noise, sort of like Teenage Fanclub on a steady diet of Valium or a Sonic Youth–Dinosaur Jr.–Galaxie 500 genetic spawn. This is an LP made for personal reflection, and although some songs border on mellow and murky, *Headsparks* is an upbeat listen overall.

Best monthly value goes to *Dope-Guns-'N-Fucking in the Streets: Volumes 4–7* (Amphetamine Reptile), a 16-song collection of some of the better noise, grunge, sludge, and aggro-rock bands in the country. Australia's **Lubricated Goat** kicks it off with its guitar-heavy, yet ear-pleasing "Bad Times." **Thee Mighty Ceasars** are in full force with a fresh, Clash-sounding tune, "1977," San Francisco's **Dwarves** blaze away with their punk classic, "Lesbian Nun," and **Melvins**, also from San Francisco, deliver a sluggish, bulky gem, "Euthanasia," with the finesse of world-class figure skaters. Other contributions come from New York's guitar-drone gods **Unsane**, Chicago's dramatically powerful **Jesus Lizard**, Seattle's underrated **Gas Huffer**, and New York's pride and joy of rhythmic thunder, **Helmet**. There's something for everyone here, each band taking rock's future in its own noisy direction. Play it loud, soak it up, and enjoy.

Seam, *from left*: Soo Young Park, Lexi Mitchell, and Mac.

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Queens, New York
March 4, 1992

The first thing they do at an *MTV Unplugged* taping is make you clap and yell for a long time before the performer appears so they'll have crowd enthusiasm shots to splice between songs. "TV magic" silliness over, the entertainment can proceed.

The thing about Paul Simon is he's famous for his unplugged-ness, so any novelty that springs from his simply playing acoustic could've never singlehandedly floated the boat here, as it can with, say, a Ratt or an L.L. Cool J. So Simon brought, like, 700 musicians with him and put on a friggin' show. The percussion guys and horns were magnificent. On the old songs, though, this didn't always make up for the absence of Art Linkletter, or whatever his name is. And stuff such as "Me and Julio Down by the Schoolyard" sounds fine with a little calypso tinge, but nobody needs to hear a reggae-fied "Bridge Over Troubled Water."

It took Simon a while to get warmed up, but that didn't matter because MTV screwed up recording the first few songs and made him do them over later—when he had more energy anyway. He even took requests. The sound wasn't great live, but I'll bet when it comes fizzling through those little holes in your TV, it'll be just dandy

MARK BLACKWELL

FARM AID V

Texas Stadium
Irving, Texas
March 14, 1992

Like all star-studded, day-long charity concerts attended by soon-to-be-sun-fried fans who seem, in general, not to give jack about the cause at hand, Farm Aid V kicked off slowly, and—God knows how—progressively got slower. With his "Asshole From El Paso," Kinky Friedman tried to get the near-40,000 attendees into the groove, but the tiny ball of energy he mustered up quickly dissipated

Following Eddie Rabbitt's set, something unexpected finally happened: The Bandaloo Doctors immersed the crowd in blues-funk ten times as powerful as corn liquor. Lead singer Bonnie Bramlett Sheridan sashayed out in black and launched into the Maxine Brown classic, "All in My Mind." She worked the audience. She wailed. She hunched over and completely lost it—Janis Joplin–style—like singers are supposed to do.

Country mutants The Kentucky HeadHunters—who blew the house down with their country-tinged metal riffs—caused the second unadulterated commotion with their cool, nasty take on "Spirit in the Sky." If there'd been a mosh pit, it would've been packed.

With Living Colour's Vernon Reid accompanying her, Tracy Chapman was, well, Tracy Chapman—predictable and entertaining. So was Neil Young, who delivered several sure things like "Heart of Gold." Other performers (among the roster of 40) who didn't tip the scales toward snooze were James McMurtry, Michelle Shocked, Mary-Chapin Carpenter, and John Mellencamp.

The weirdest moments occurred when Willie Nelson—after joining Paul Simon for a freaky tag-team version of "Graceland"—herded everyone onstage for a gospel finale. The Dallas Cowboy cheerleaders positioned themselves in front of the 100-member-strong choir, and madly shook their pompons, butts, and boobs to sacred spirituals such as "Amazing Grace." You never see stuff like that at an Amnesty International concert.

CHUCK DEAN

Jimmie Dale Gilmore: The man with the western beat.

JIMMIE DALE GILMORE

Broken Spoke
Austin, Texas
March 12, 1992

Slow, slow, quick, quick, slow. That's the rudimentary formula for mastering the two-step, a dance that's always in the house at a Jimmie Dale Gilmore show. Especially if you're lucky enough to be at Broken Spoke, a real-life juke joint where Gilmore is God. Just grab a partner and twirl.

It's great to know that the word *country* doesn't have to be synonymous with hokey. Gilmore's cool lyrics and tremulous vocals on songs such as "Tonight I Think I'm Gonna Go Downtown" and "Treat Me Like a Saturday Night" document that. The show was opened by brilliant 24-year-old country singer-songwriter Marty Brown (who recently did a promo tour of Wal Mart discount stores). Soon Gilmore's four-piece took over with songs from his recent *After Awhile* and quickly turned the show into a party: Joe Ely sang, fiddler Alvin Crow joined the band along with Brown for some Hank Williams tunes, and Kevin Welch and Kelly Willis belted out a heartfelt version of "Love Hurts." Even the two-steppin' cowboy featured in Gilmore's video for "My Mind's Got a Mind of Its Own" came up and did a little jig. Honky-tonk heaven.

LAUREN SPENCER

Tracy Chapman drives her fast guitar for the Farm Aid cause

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HIV

continued from page 45

THE HIV HYPOTHESIS IS ESSENTIally this: When a person is exposed to HIV, the virus gobbles up T cells like a Pac-Man, gradually eating away at the immune system until it finally collapses, leaving the victim vulnerable to a vast array of infections—ultimately fatal—that the immune system would normally be able to combat.

Duesberg's main point, which few in the scientific community debate, is that HIV infects and kills only an insignificant number of cells, about 1 in 10,000, and the body replenishes cells much faster than this.

"It's like saying you're going to conquer China by shooting three soldiers a day," Duesberg says. "It would take forever."

Many AIDS researchers acknowledge this, but evasively point to "unknown mechanisms" underlying HIV's cell-killing activity. Their logic depends on a strange assumption: Since the cells are missing and HIV is present, HIV *must* be killing the cells, they reason. They've constructed widely divergent speculations about how this cell-killing action takes place. Recently, in the *New York Times*, three very different theories were elaborated. Dr. Anthony Fauci, the director of the National Institute of Allergies and Infectious Diseases (NIAID) and one of the highest-ranking government scientists working on AIDS, said all three were plausible.

In the United States, of the 1 million Americans estimated to be positive for HIV antibodies, only 3 percent, or 30,000, go on each year to develop symptoms of AIDS. While 75 percent of all hemophiliacs have been exposed to HIV-infected blood, only 1 percent annually have been diagnosed with AIDS, and many of those cases may actually be the result of immune suppression brought on by regular dosing of immune-suppressive blood-clotting products. In 1989, a study published in the *Journal of Allergy and Clinical Immunology* compared the immune abnormalities of a group of HIV-positive hemophiliacs with those of an HIV-negative group and found them to be identical in both groups. Another study, published in 1985 in the *American Journal of Hematology*, offered similar results. "The results of our study as well as the results of previous studies," the authors reported, "allow us to hypothesize similarly that frequent and long-lasting exposure to protein blood products may render hemophiliac patients immunologically unresponsive by assaulting their immune system every time they receive clotting factor."

Although it has been said that transfusion recipients who were infused with HIV-tainted blood have died from AIDS brought on by HIV, a study published in the *New England Journal of Medicine* in 1989 compared those deaths with transfusion recipients who had not been exposed to HIV and found that the death rates were similar. While 41 percent of those who were known to have been infected with HIV died within a year of transfusion, 50 percent of those who had *not* been exposed to HIV also died within a year of transfusion. The authors of the study concluded that the recipients who had gotten AIDS had also been through more transfusions than those who hadn't gotten AIDS. They wrote, "Recipients who have received more transfusions may be immunosuppressed by these transfusions, may be exposed to other viral cofactors, or may have more severe underlying medical conditions."

Tragically, no study has ever been done to determine what factors, aside from HIV, AIDS patients have in common. It has been reported anecdotally, however, in testimonies from doctors with large AIDS practices and from AIDS support-group leaders, that those who come down with AIDS, like hemophiliacs and multiple-transfusion recipients, have a wide range of immunosuppressive factors aside from HIV.

Many people with AIDS tend to have a history of repeated STDs, and have overused both antibiotic and recreational drugs. Dr. Sonnabend and others have theorized that repeated exposures to different semens can severely compromise the immune system. Infants, is argued, inherit the drug addiction of their mother, so if she is debilitated from drug abuse the child will be born with a failing immune system, regardless of HIV.

Because HIV is believed to cause death, we've wound up in a perpetual chicken-or-the-egg state of confusion. If HIV is present and death or disease occurs, HIV is held responsible. Rarely is the possibility considered that identical scenarios can take place without HIV—that all diseases associated with AIDS can occur on their own, particularly in already immune-compromised individuals. Various studies have reported on dozens of cases of indisputable full-blown AIDS in which no trace of HIV could be found. How do the proponents of HIV explain cases like these? Their answer is simple, if unscientific. The virus is *hiding*. Every single discrepancy connecting the virus to AIDS is swept under the carpet with the explanation that the virus is simply *mysterious*, that it causes its destruction silently, invisibly, inexplicably. Despite evidence that it's barely there. The medical research establishment has spent ten years and nearly $2 billion studying, splicing, sequencing, cultivating this virus, and yet it hasn't gained an inch on it. How could this virus be so immensely complex and advanced, and cause symptoms as diverse as those seen in AIDS?

While the majority are comfortable with the explanation that HIV is simply that new and mysterious, other scientists insist the virus is downright ordinary.

Kary Mullis is one of them. Although Mullis's PCR technique is now used in virtually every HIV study, he is, ironically, a member of the Group for the Scientific Reappraisal of the HIV-AIDS Hypothesis. "The mystery of that damn virus," he says, "has been generated by the $2 billion a year they spend on it. You take any other virus, and you spend $2 billion, and you can make up some great mysteries about it, too."

Mullis's invention has gained him worldwide recognition and made him a contender for a Nobel Prize. Using PCR, a kind of molecular amplifier, scientists are now able to *see* viral particles in cells that they couldn't detect before. Like a great searchlight turned on the seething dark world of organisms, PCR makes it impossible for viruses to hide. Ironically, when the technique was first applied to HIV research around 1989, researchers claimed to have put to rest Duesberg's complaint that HIV was barely detectable in cells. Several articles touted the news that with PCR, HIV was 100 times more detectable. But to this day, Mullis fails to see the connection between his invention, HIV, and AIDS.

"PCR made it easier to see that certain people are infected with [HIV]," Mullis says. "And some of those people came down with symptoms of AIDS. But that doesn't *begin*, even, to answer the question, 'Does HIV cause it?' Human beings are *full* of retroviruses. We don't know if it's hundreds, or thousands, or hundreds of thousands. We've only recently started to look for them. But they've never killed anybody before. People have always survived retroviruses."

This has always been one of Duesberg's main arguments—that retroviruses have never caused human disease. "Retroviruses typically don't kill cells," says Duesberg. "On the contrary. They often promote cell growth. Retroviruses have never posed a threat to humans. My feeling is that virtually the whole field of retrovirology is redundant. So it's no wonder they're so obsessed about HIV. It's all they have to justify their work with!"

Harvey Bialy, editor of the science journal *Bio/Technology*, has been skeptical from the start. "HIV is an ordinary retrovirus," he says. "There is nothing about this virus that is unique. Everything that is discovered about HIV has an analogue in other retroviruses that don't cause AIDS. HIV only contains a very small piece of genetic information. There's no way it can do all these elaborate things they say it does.

"A powerful hypothesis has to explain and predict," Bialy continues, growing indignant. "I ask you, what kind of scientist continues to support a hypothesis that fails to explain and fails to predict? We've been willing to turn immunology upside-down, turn virology upside-down, turn our understanding of biology and disease agents upside-down and inside-out."

A few years back, if you remember, HIV-positive pregnant women were urged to abort their children, 100 percent of whom would certainly be born with AIDS, it was claimed, and would die soon after birth. In fact, of all infants born to HIV-positive mothers, all are indeed born with HIV antibodies, but within 15 to 18 months a full two-thirds seroconvert to HIV-negative. The explanation given for this is that the infants aren't showing their own antibodies yet, but rather the antibodies of the mother, which they have inherited. If a child born to an HIV-positive mother can expel HIV from its system, isn't it tenable to say that HIV antibody is a far cry from AIDS itself? But when asked if this phenomenon could be applicable to adults, a physician specializing in children with AIDS at New York Hospital said that adults have never been known to seroconvert.

Root-Bernstein, having scoured the literature, disagrees. He says he has found three dozen cases, at least, of people who have gone from HIV-positive to HIV-negative. In addition, there are cases of people who have received transfusions of HIV-positive blood and yet have themselves never

continued on page 90

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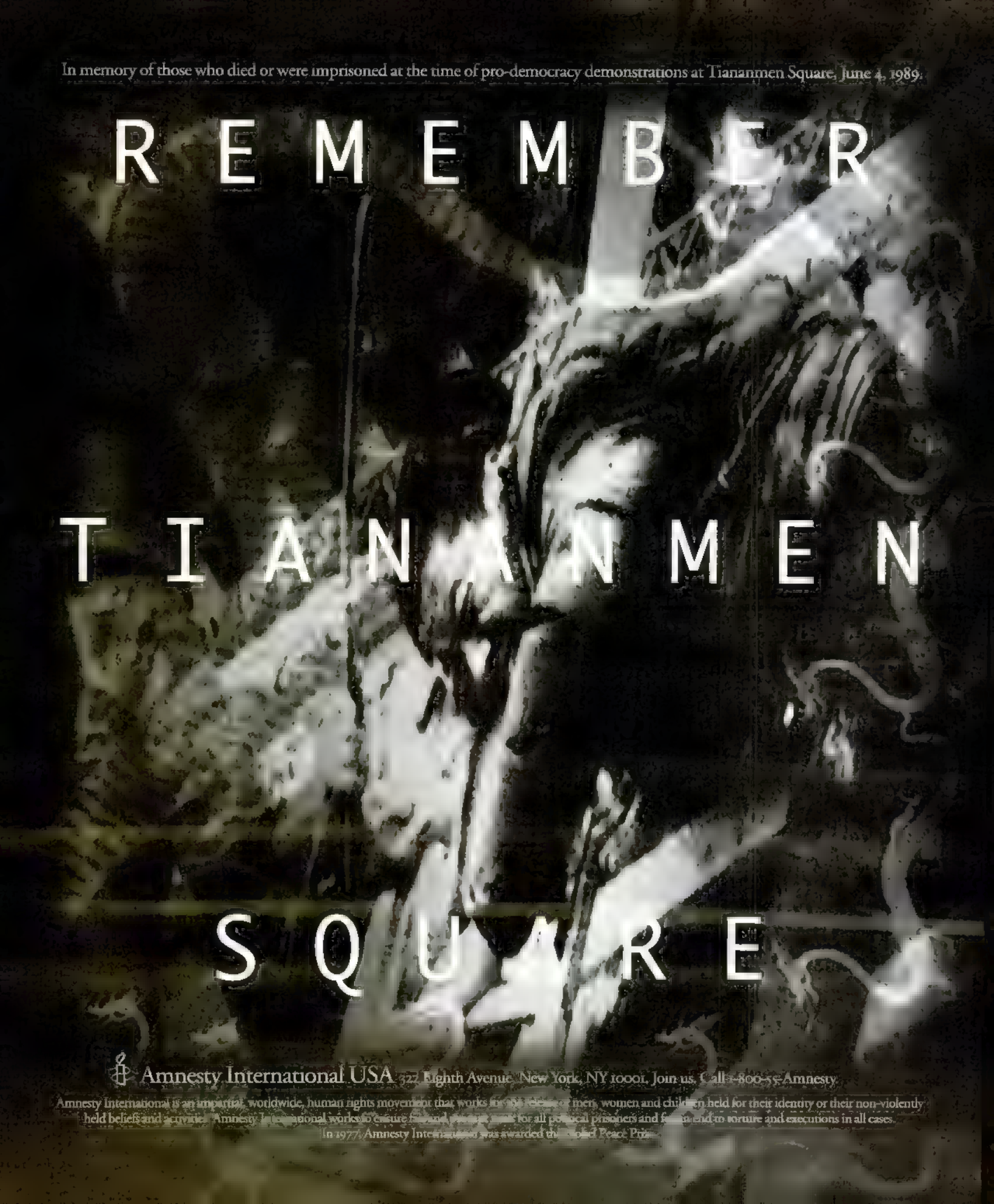

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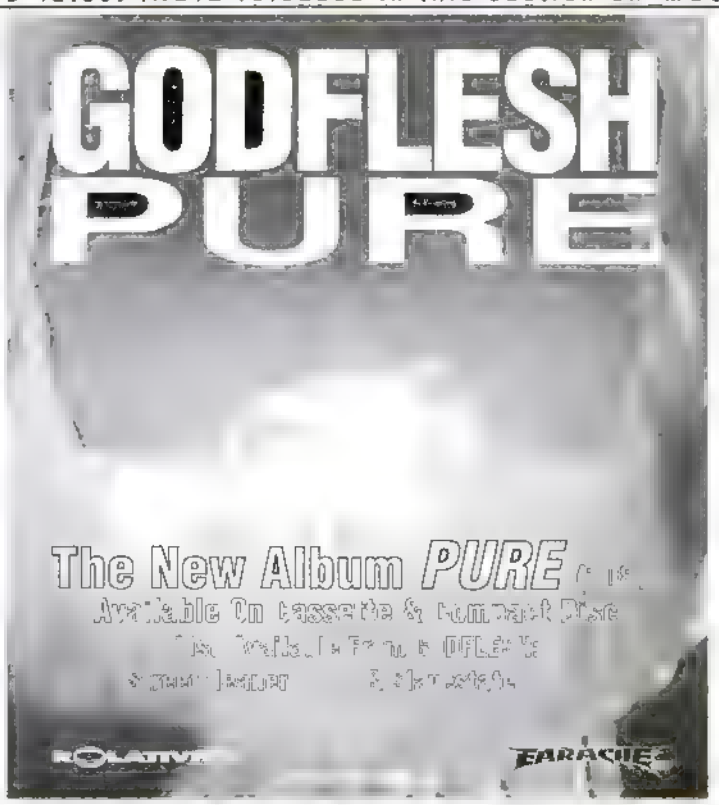

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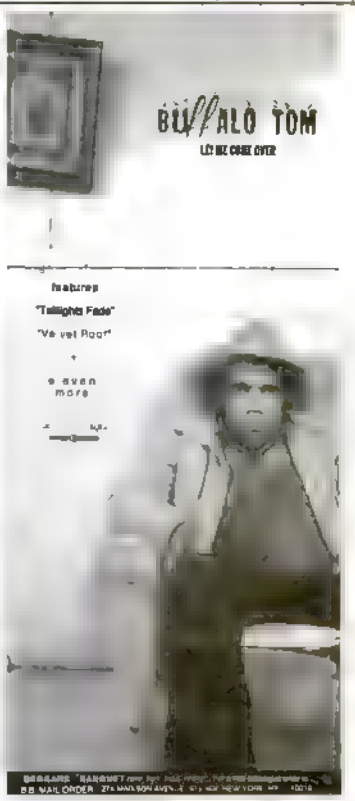

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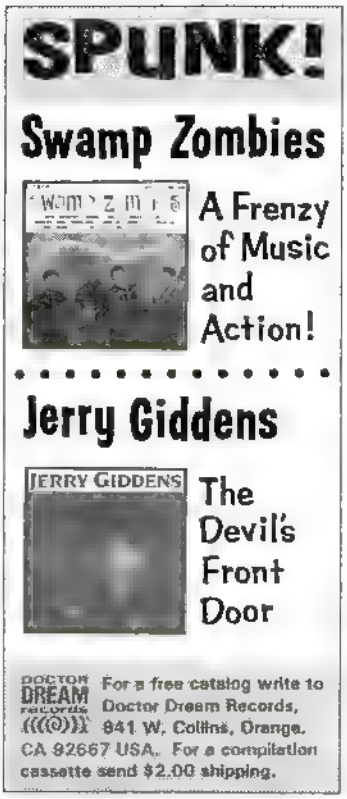
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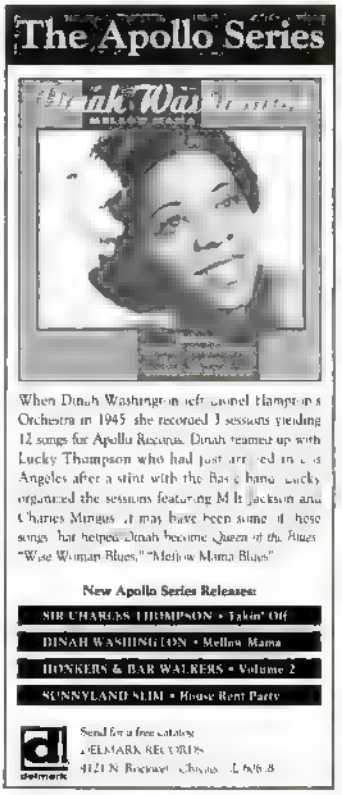
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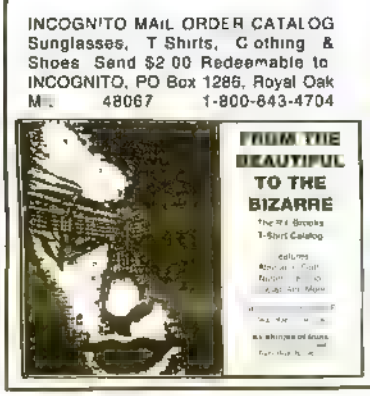

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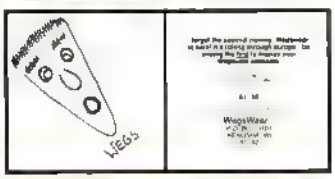

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HIV

continued from page 84

developed antibodies to HIV.

To compound the confusion, even the more accurate test for HIV antibodies, the Western blot, produces a cross-reaction in people with autoimmune diseases such as rheumatoid arthritis and Lupus. In other words, people with antibodies to these diseases can test positive for HIV even if they've never come into contact with the virus. Malaria is another disease that sometimes crossreacts with HIV. Could this possibly account for the staggering number of HIV-positive cases in certain regions of Africa?

Perhaps the most important question for people faced with a positive HIV-antibody test is what their chances are of staying healthy versus getting sick. Early on, it was stated that the latency period—the time between infection and the onset of disease—was no more than two or three years. Since then, the latency period, which varies depending upon whom you ask, has grown considerably, a phenomenon that Duesberg calls "moving the goal post." Dr. Gallo has suggested, in SPIN, that a person might live for 30 years with HIV and not get sick.

THERE ISN'T ENOUGH of a health detachment among the public, the media, and the HIV theory with all its implications, to make room for a rational debate on this issue. When AIDS was taken on by the media and by AIDS organizations, it was endowed instantaneously with a set of political, social, and moral implications, and an extraordinary righteousness set in, a fervor so sure of itself that it refused to tolerate any questions.

Upon examination, some of the terms of "AIDS-speak" appear to deliberately obscure the facts. Calling HIV "the AIDS virus" implies, for example, that there is no doubt that HIV causes AIDS. "The AIDS epidemic" implies that AIDS is spreading at an uncontrollable rate, though not all agree: Some statisticians assert that in terms of sheer numbers, AIDS does not qualify as an epidemic at all. In fact, some have pointed out that AIDS in the United States and in Europe has actually peaked and is on the decline. The number of new AIDS cases grows slowly each year, a fact not widely trumpeted by the media or any of this country's 16,000 AIDS organizations.

Would it be overly cynical to propose that we have on our hands an industry that is devoted not so much to the fulfillment of its goal—which would lead to its dissolution—as to its own self-perpetuation? It's well known that many of the scientists who undertook AIDS research jumped straight from the rotting ship of the cancer industry. Fueled by billions and accountable to no one, the cancer industry did exactly what the AIDS industry is doing: It stomped out any dissent from the orthodox view, refused to fund research into alternative treatments. Says Duesberg, "I could understand them saying I am so horrible and irresponsible if they were showing any results with their theory, but so far they haven't saved a single life. After ten years there is still no vaccine, and the only therapy is AZT, which is, in my view, making people sicker."

"We're scientists," says Kary Mullis, "Scientists don't *believe*, they have evidence. We don't believe like a Christian believes, our souls are not on the line. I've never seen anything like this.

"And yet," he continues, "I think most of them have done it innocently. They're not evil people, they're just trying to do their job. My reading of most virologists is that they are neurotic. They have been co-opted over a long period of time by a system that is very large, very complex. The system that they have been gaining their information from for a long time has been progressively more and more unreliable. What they call facts is what is published in the journals by *them*, and that is becoming more and more muddled and more neurotic.

"I have asked a lot of really intelligent people—I get around these days, and I talk to the very best scientists. I've talked to people at the CDC, the NIH, you name it. I generally say, 'Excuse me, but as an independent scientist I often have to write papers on AIDS for the companies I'm hired to work for, and the first sentence I write is often, "HIV is the causative agent in AIDS." Now, I would like to be able to reference that.'

" 'Reference?' they ask.

"And I say, 'Yes, you know, a reference. Would you mind writing down for me the references that you think, if I read them, I would agree with that statement. I mean, I don't want it to be *my* idea.'

"I have never gotten a straight answer to that question from any virol-

ogist. They say 'Yes, yes, of course. As soon as I get back to my office I'll have that for you.' And I call them back, and they don't have it. I write them a letter. They don't have it. *There is no such body of knowledge.* The thing has been contrived from newspaper reports, word of mouth, agreement in the back rooms of the virology labs—whatever they do when all ten thousand of them get together in Europe and have their big HIV meeting. It doesn't derive from anything that could be called scientific tradition. The only goddamn person that ever sent me anything back was a virologist from this company called Diagnostic Products. And do you know what he sent me? He sent me the attack that Robin Weiss made on Duesberg in *Nature*! All that article said was Peter Duesberg is a fool and that means that HIV causes AIDS. All we have to know is that Peter Duesberg is a fool. We don't need to look at the virus. We don't need to look at the facts, at the spread of AIDS, nothing. I couldn't believe it." (Robin Weiss, incidentally, holds the English patent on HIV test kits.)

It seems hard to believe. Virtually every scientist working in the field of AIDS believes that HIV is the cause, and yet nobody can cite a single *reference* from a body of scientific data that leads them to conclude that that is true? Several scientists over the years have remarked that although it hasn't been proven that HIV is the cause, the *correlation* between HIV and AIDS is so strong that this is sufficient proof. Such a correlation might indeed suggest the need for research into the relationship, but what about ten years later, when the hypothesis has failed to stand up to the most basic questions?

The HIV apologia goes like this: Just because we can't *see* it killing cells, doesn't mean it's not killing cells. It is. But it's a lenti-virus, a *slow* virus. It may take years for it to wreak its havoc, but it gets there. It gets there, they say, as they arbitrarily increase the latency period of HIV from two to three years to anywhere from 15 to 30 years. Moving the goal post.

Duesberg retorts with typical irreverence: "There are no slow retroviruses, only slow retrovirologists." Duesberg has remained incredulous, wondering what has gotten into his colleagues, improvising like this with the most fundamental scientific concepts as if their project were some abstract creation. As a scientist, you don't mold your theory to fit your assumption; you assume nothing, and let the facts fall where they may. Eventually, you may have a theory. And once you do, your duty as a scientist is to throw it right into the lion's den of scientific scrutiny. Peer review. If it's correct, it will prevail; if not, it deserves to disintegrate.

The phone never stops ringing in Peter Duesberg's lab these days. He shuffles about in his white lab coat, greeting a German film crew, stopping to help a graduate student understand some material, fielding phone calls. His assistant, Jane Byrd, looks exhausted. The phone rings and she stares at it. "Did I tell you Barbara Walters's office is interested in this?" she asks with a faint smile. "Even *they're* starting to catch on.

"What was once a drip is now becoming a deluge. People are fed up with fraud, and they're determined to get to the bottom of this. It's like being in the middle of a hurricane."

The phone rings again. ✪

Readers Poll

continued from page 49

BIGGEST DISAPPOINTMENT:
- George Bush 40.9%
- Clarence Thomas's Supreme Court confirmation 22.0%
- Jane's Addiction breakup 17.4%
- R.E.M.'s not touring 10.3%
- Guns N' Roses' twin albums 9.4%

And our expectations were *so* high.

BIGGEST HYPE
- Michael Jackson 33.9%
- Gulf War 34.3%
- Guns N' Roses' albums 20.3%
- Madonna 11.5%

MOST RACIST
- David Duke 63.0%
- Ice Cube 18.6%
- Spike Lee 11.9%
- N.W.A 6.5%

MOST SEXIST
- N.W.A 41.0%
- Clarence Thomas 30.1%
- Andrew Dice Clay 28.9%

MOST PRESSING NATIONAL ISSUE
- Economy 59.1%
- AIDS 40.9%

MOST DEPRESSING NATIONAL ISSUE
- AIDS 56.0%
- Economy 44.0%

SPIN'S FINEST HOUR
- Guest editor issue with Amnesty International's Jack Healey 55.5%
- Perry Farrell issue 44.5%

SPIN'S MOMENT OF SHAME
- Responding to Guns N' Roses' "Get in the Ring" 62.9%
- John Mellencamp cover 37.1%

Turn the other cheek and it gets shot off, you lily-livered liberals.

STYLE

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- Flannel shirts 63.8%
- Nudity 36.2%

MOST HEINOUS FASHION STATEMENT
- Bell-bottoms 83.9%
- The '70s look 16.1%

COOLEST HAIRSTYLE
- Long 68.8%
- Dreadlocks 31.2%

MOST ILL-ADVISED HAIRSTYLE
- Bald 65.8%
- The "Vanilla Ice" look 34.2%

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FAVORITE HEADGEAR
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SEXIEST MAN
- Keanu Reeves 51.0%
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SEXIEST WOMAN
- Cindy Crawford 68.8%
- Madonna 16.7%
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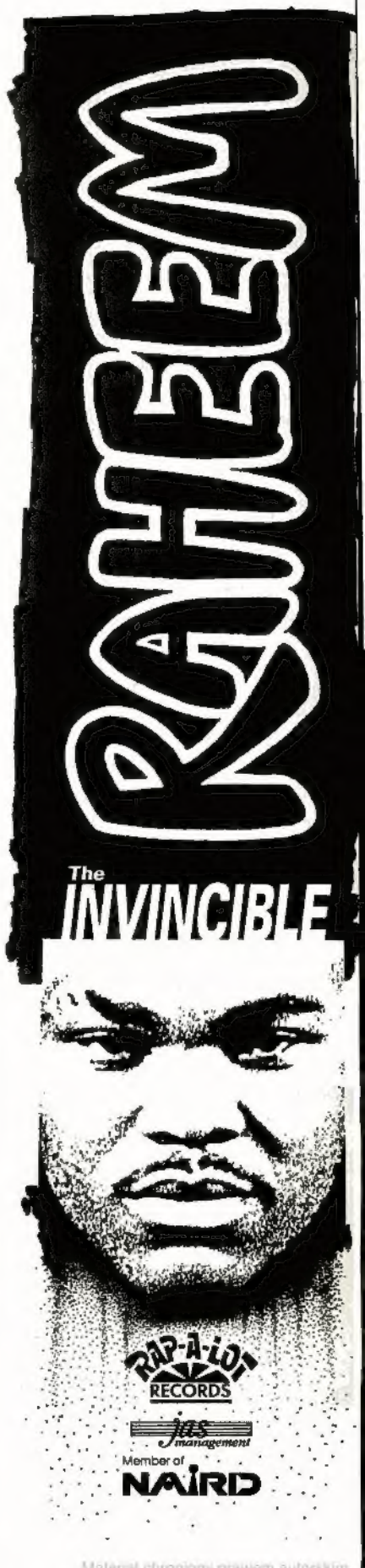
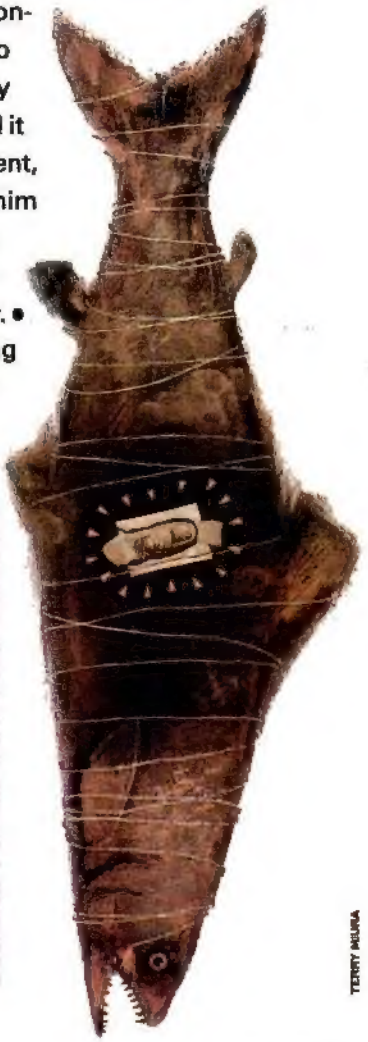


OUT

CLOSING COMMENTS

Ruin da Butt: An unknown evildoer climbed atop Hollywood, California's Tempo Records store during the night and deflated the controversial 20-foot-high "butt balloon," which is hauling ass around the country to promote Sir Mix-a-Lot's "Baby Got Back (I Like Big Butts)." Commented Def American owner Rick Rubin of the so-called butt assassinator, "There are some sick people in this world." • **Achtung Elvis:** A judge in Dortmund, Germany, presiding over a case to determine who could claim the title of Germany's best Elvis impersonator, ruled in favor of "The Best Elvis in the Whole World," who had brought an infringement suit against "Germany's Best Elvis." The judge urged both to "avoid unclear advertising in the future." • **One If by Land:** Florida police reported that Daniel Hendricks, 34, of St. Louis, was the driver of a car that ran numerous vehicles off the highway, rammed at least six others, and overturned a van, on a wild trek from Plant City, Florida, to Tampa. When he was finally stopped, Hendricks said he was on his way to Clearwater, where Barbara Bush was appearing, because he wanted to warn her that Saddam Hussein was about to invade America. • **Bono's No-No:** While being interviewed by a journalist over dinner in a private room at London's Nikita restaurant, U2's Bono removed every stitch of his clothing in order to inject life into what the singer felt was a humorless exchange. The restaurant's manager, Sylvain Borsi, was nonplussed: "He was a very nice guy, and he was drinking vodka, you know? Vodka makes people do things like that." • **Penis Envy:** The chief surgeon at Cincinnati's Shriners Burns Institute allegedly used a marker to draw "happy faces" on the penises of two patients. The surgeon said that he did it to relieve their stress prior to surgery. Said one 26-year-old patient, "That was a joke between me and him with the smiley face. I'll let him draw another anytime." The same doctor was recently ordered to publicly apologize for carving his initials into the skull of a nine-month-old child during surgery, supposedly to improve blood flow. • **Body Count:** Colombia's minister of health has closed the dissecting room at the medical school of the Free University in Barranquilla after allegations that security guards there may have lured over 30 people inside, shot or clubbed them to death, and then sold their bodies to the school for $200 each. • **Look Who's Stealing:** The Clinton, Utah, police department refused a father's request to have his six-year-old son arrested and taken to a state youth home for swiping Ding-Dongs off the kitchen counter. Police officials, who referred the dad to a family support office, said the department sometimes receives such calls from parents hoping to shake up their children. • **Man's Best Friend:** A 33-year-old man in Port Townsend, Washington, was arrested for allegedly beating his roommate with an ax handle after walking into his living room and finding the roomie in a "compromising position" with the man's pit bull. No charges were pressed against the alleged dog molester, and the ax man was informed that it's not illegal to attempt sex with an animal in the state of Washington.

Hot Spots: Holyland U.S.A. in Bedford, Virginia, is a 400-acre Christian retreat laid out in the shape of Israel that includes a small pond called the Dead Sea and a clearing among the trees called Bethlehem. The gift shop offers unusual items, including three-penny nails, "just like the ones used to crucify our Lord."



Green Thumb: In late February, a fisherman caught a trout near Green River, Wyoming, that had a severed human thumb in its stomach. The thumb was traced to Robert Lindsey, 32, who lost it on July 27, 1991, in a boating mishap. Said Lindsey, "I'll probably just keep it in a jar and put it on a shelf to show people."

TERRY MURA

Compiled by Mark Blackwell, Steve Bush, and John Kohut

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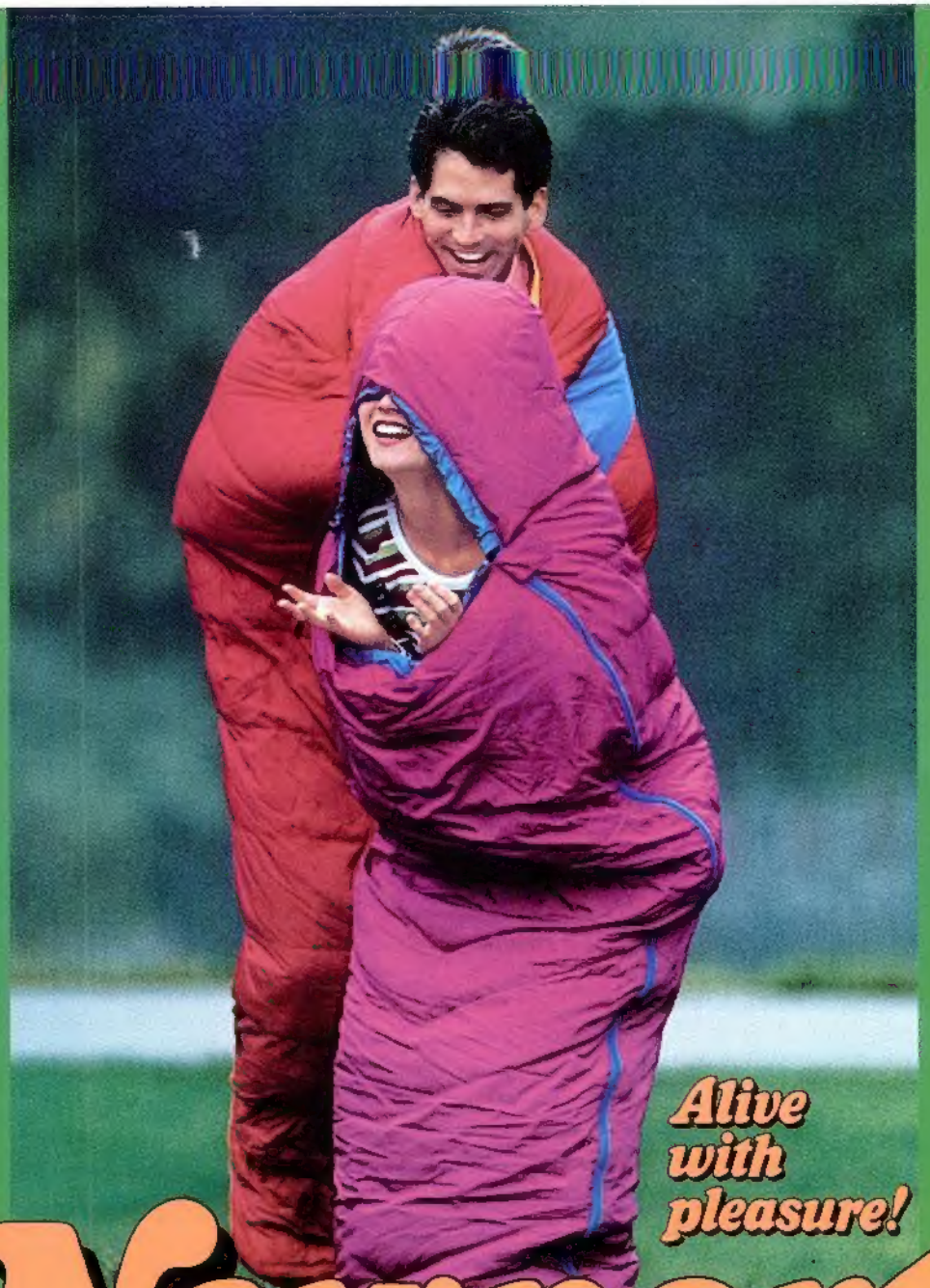

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